

POLITICS
In Select
DISCOURSES
OF
Monfieur *BALZAC*.
Which he call'd his
ARISTIPPUS,
OR
Wife Scholar.

Done into *English* by *Basil Kennett*,
Fellow of *C. C. C. Oxford* ; now
Chaplain in a *British* Factory abroad.

To which are added,
An Advertisement of the Translation ; and
an Account of the Life and Writings of
the Author.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Humfreys*, for *J. Phillips*, next Door to
the *Fleece-Tavern* in *Cornhill*. 1709.

K. Guez (J. L.)

Regard de Balzac



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Papers were left behind by the Writer of them, when he was call'd away to an Employment abroad, in the Service of his Church and Nation; where no Terrors have withdrawn him from the continual Performance of his Duty. For it gives Courage to be under the Protection of a Great Queen, who makes it one Part of the Glory of her Arms, to assert the Laws of Nations, to propagate the Rights of Christianity, and to maintain her Subjects, not only in the Liberty of Trade and Commerce, but in the free Enjoyment of a more valuable Blessing, the publick and peaceable Exercise of their Protestant Religion.

All our British Factories must value this Privilege above all other secular

Rights and Immunities whatsoever. They would not willingly be abandon'd in strange Lands, without a Minister of God to assist them, lest their Souls should forget the Care of themselves, and lest their Enemies should upbraid them with a seeming to live without God in the World. This common Use of the Offices of Religion, is a fundamental Right of all Christian Societies ; and I think is not restrain'd among any Nations that are called Barbarous. If it be elsewhere questioned; and as Power prevaieth, deny'd, it is then the more worthy to be insisted on, not to be tamely given up, not to suffer the Cause of God to be betrayed, but with Consciences and Honour to vindicate the Title, and maintain the Possession of it.

*This will be a new Crown and Diadem to the Princes, Supreme Governours of the Reformed Churches. The noble Example given by the QUEEN of Great-Britain, has been already confirm'd by
another*

Advertisement.

V

another Royal Hand, in his just Demands upon the City of Cologne; and whatever Protestations are pretended to be made against it, they are as null and void by the Nature of Religion, as they will be weak and ineffectual by the present State and Condition of those that make 'em.

These sacred Privileges are an infinite Benefit, and an equal Satisfaction to those that enjoy them. This appears, I believe, in all our foreign Factories, where the Ministers are respected, and the Assemblies frequented, and the Reformation adorn'd in a very decent and delightful manner. Particularly in the Place where this Writer has his Station, the worthy Consul and Merchants did receive the Privilege with all possible Content and Pleasure; and under the Directions of an excellent public Minister, did endeavour to preserve it with all laudable Zeal and Resolution. And they continue to pay the utmost Regard to their Chaplain, by shewing him all agreeable Countenance and
Civi-

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Civilities, and giving him a generous and suitable Support. Of which Favours he is so very sensible, that they make up, I know, some one Part of all the Letters to his Friends and Correspondents here in England.

In his Absence, and indeed without his direct Consent, this true and good Translation of the finest Part of Balzac's Works is now committed to the Press; and will, I presume, be grateful to all Persons, who have a Taste of Wit and Language, and the Conversations of a Court.

There is no need to recommend the particular Subjects of Discourse, which are as nice in their Nature, and are as neatly set forth, as any thing that was ever yet prepared for public Entertainment. From the whole these two or three Observations will arise :

I. That the French Tongue had a stronger Beauty, while it was left more to its own Native Force, and unaffected Dress ;

Advertifement. vii

Dress; and that the modern Refinements of that Tongue, by the Labours of a great Academy, have made it only more soft, and loose, and weak. The Stile of Balzac, in his Original, has the Nerves and Sinews, the Height and Grandeur, which are now lost, and gone into a Fineness, i. e. as it were fall'n from Man's Estate into that of a pretty little Babe.

II. *That in France, the Men of distinguish'd Sense and Judgment, were in their Hearts for the Reformed Religion, however they comply'd with the Custom of their Country, and the Fashion of the Court. This was perfectly the Case of the brightest Head in his Age, Monsieur Balzac, who wore the Name of a Catholick, as he did his other Dress, for the Mode and good Graces of it: But his inward Thoughts and Inclinations were to be a Heretick, without Courage to be called so.*

III. *That*

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III. *That in the former Reigns in France, the Monarchy was of another kind, mixed by some Balance of Power in Parliaments, and qualified by Original Constitution, and continual Laws. It was toward the End of this happy Period, that Balzac wrote these Political Discourses; and therefore he writes like a happy Britain, with an Air of Liberty, and a Love of Legal Property, and breaks out very often into a just Abhorrence of Tyranny and Arbitrary Power. In short, his Discourses have that Truth and Freedom, that they now make a very good Book in England, but would be thought a dangerous Libel in France.*

*Feb. 13th,
1703.*

SOME

SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Life and Writings
OF
Monsieur *BALZAC*.

Monsieur *Balzac* had an hereditary Claim to Honour, Estate, and Wit ; yet he valued himself more on the Probity and Piety of his Ancestors, than upon any other Names or Titles he could borrow from them. He never car'd

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to mention his Family, but on some Occasion of relating their good Works, or other good Examples. He thought it modest to value himself, in saying, " That they from
" whom he had the Honour to de-
" rive himself, had founded Reli-
" gious Houses in several Parts of
" the Kingdom; and particularly
" that *Angoulesme* and *Tolouse* had
" glorious Marks of their Piety and
" Munificence yet remaining.

His Father was *William Guez*, a Gentleman of *Languedoc*, bred to Arms and Action under Monsieur *Bellegard*, a Mareschal of *France*; who, after good Experience of him, sent him to the Court of *Savoy*, to negotiate an Affair of the last Importance; and found him so close and happy in the Dispatch of it, that after his Return, the Mareschal prevail'd with him to accept the greatest Trust he could commit to him, the
Go-

Government of his only Son, a young Heroe, slain in the Battle of *Contras*, in the Year 1587. eight Years after his Father's Death. Having thus lost the Patronage of this great Family, his Inclinations were, to retire and enjoy himself. A Happiness which the Court was not willing to allow him. King *Henry* the IVth knew his great Abilities, and desir'd the Service of them. The Duke d' *Espernon* invited him to Court, and made Offers, as he thought, sufficient, to retain him. But he had seen enough of the World, to be very indifferent about it: He chose rather to drop all Sollicitations, and retire to a private Life in the Village of *Balzac*, where he built an agreeable Seat or *Chastel*, and transmitted the Name of it, for a Note of Distinction to his Son.

JOHN LOUVOIS GUEZ
Sieur de *BALZAC*, born in 1595.

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by a Mother of the noble Family of *Nesmond*; with whom his Father liv'd sixty four Years in mutual Health and Love; and dy'd at the Age of Ninety seven, on the 20th of September, 1650.

Our Author thus descended, had an Education that answer'd and adorn'd his Birth. He was particularly taught to relish the *Latin* Poets, and became a Master of their Turn of Thoughts and Stile, as well appears in some of his Latin Epistles and Poems. When sufficiently instructed in Letters and Manners at home, he was thought capable at Seventeen to be sent abroad. *Holland* was then reputed the chief Mart of Letters and Business: Here he studied under *Baudins*, and other Professors; and having a Genius superiour to that of other Students, amidst his Courses of Philosophy, he turn'd his Eyes upon the Constitution of that Coun-

Country, and the new-flourishing Condition of the People; and by degrees made himself a Master of the late wonderful Revolution in those Provinces, and could not but admire their glorious Redemption from the *Spanish* Yoak. He drew up his Thoughts and Authorities on this Subject, for his own inward Satisfaction; without any Design to make them publick, as he afterward assur'd the World: But trusting the Copy, with good Nature, into the Hands of some private Friend, it came at last to be publish'd by *Daniel Heinsius* at *Leyden*, in the Year 1638. under this Title, *Discours Politique sur l'Estat des Provinces Unies du Pais bas* par J. L. D. B. (i. e. Jean Lovis de Balzac) *Gentilhomme Francois*.

It is certain, that in *France* he was train'd up to the prevailing Religion, called Catholick; yet some of these Papists objected to him, that here in

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Holland he dissembled, and convers'd under the Character of a *Huguenot*. If he did so, it seem'd rather his Choice, than any Disguize: For in this first Piece of his, written with a natural Air of Plainness, he proceeds upon the Principles of Liberty, Property, and Reformation. He commends the States for their Wisdom and Courage, in renouncing Subjection to *Philip II.* He expresses a just Abhorrence of the arbitrary Will and Pleasure of Tyrants. He grievously resents the unchristian and inhumane Practices of the Inquisition; and lays down the truest Maxims of Policy and Peace, in condemning Persecution, and all Oppressions, for the sake of Conscience and Religion. This little Tract, wrote by a young Stranger, was thought to do so much Honour and Service to the Country, that the States are said to have conceiv'd a high Opinion of the Author, and to have

have offer'd him a considerable Post, for his farther Assistance, and Continuance with them. But, either in Love to his native Country, or in Duty to his aged Parents, he carried home to *France* the great Improvements he had made in *Holland*.

One of the Advantages, or rather the Incumbrances of a Traveller, is, the contracting a large Acquaintance, and the lying under a civil Necessity of keeping a Correspondence with them. This Obligation first put Monsieur *Balzac* into the way of writing many Letters, and made it by degrees his peculiar Talent. But thinking this alone too idle a Life, he put himself into Attendance upon the Cardinal *Valette*, and so appear'd for some time a Retainer to the Court, and an Expectant in it. This Cardinal had been then the Courtier, the Churchman, the General, the every thing that any one Person could sustain.

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Had he long continued in his Greatness, *Balzac* must have shar'd in some Portion of it. But whilst he was General of the King's Armies in *Italy*, he met with some ill Successes, that sunk his Reputation and his Mind, tho' at the Head of an Army in *Piedmont*. Under those Impressions of Misfortune, *Balzac* writes an excellent Discourse to him, tells him of the Glories he had formerly obtain'd; ascribes them to his consummate Valour and Conduct; hints at the Uncertainty of humane Affairs; and observes with what Greatness of Mind the Generals and Commanders of old could bear the Turns of Fortune, &c. *Balzac* himself tells us, that he sent this Discourse to the Cardinal in *Piedmont*, who receiv'd it with great Testimonies of Goodness; and immediately call'd for Pen and Paper, and did him the Honour to return a most obliging and very judicious Answer,
in

in the Stile of a Mind prepar'd for all Events. But for all the Pretensions of heroick Virtue, the General's Heart was really broken; that Letter was the last he wrote; he fell sick upon it, and died soon after at *Rivoles*, near *Turin*, in *September*, 1639. Monsieur *Balzac* was just and grateful to his Memory, and made for his Tomb an agreeable Epitaph in Latin.

After the Loss of this great Minister, *M. Balzac* had Acquaintance and Interest enough with the new-rising Favourites at Court. But being by Nature not obsequious, and carrying himself above the Follies of the Age, he had retired into the Country, and was taken up with Liberty, Ease, and the Diversions of Pen and Paper. This had brought him to be known to the aspiring Bishop of *Luson*, soon after the eminent Cardinal *de Richlieu*, who esteem'd him,

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him, and did him the Honour to receive his frequent Letters, and return'd him some Answers very familiar and obliging. Under the Eye of this great Church-man, he is said to have expected some Ecclesiastical Pre-

ferment, to be a Bishop,
* *M. Menage.* (if we believe a * Writer of their own) or at least an Abbot, an Office which began then to be a sort of secular Employment of Honour, Wealth and Ease. His Friend the Bishop encourag'd him in these Hopes, and said at Table before many Persons of Distinction; " See, " here's a young Gentleman of extraordinary Parts; we must bring " him into the Church, and prefer " him as soon as possible; we can't " give him less than an Abby of ten " thousand Livers *per Annum*. But whether the Cardinal forgot what the Bishop promis'd; or whether *Balzac* could not in Conscience submit to take Orders

Orders in the Church of *Rome*; 'tis certain, that he continued a Lay Gentleman, of freer Principles than he dar'd to own, and liv'd in outward Communion with the *Gallican* Church, as it were, out of Charity and Honour, with his Judgment and Wishes for the Reformation of it.

In the mean time his Letters gain'd a mighty Reputation, for the exquisite Fancy, and elegant Expression in them; so as they began to be cast into a Collection, and to be thought worthy of being publish'd in the Year 1624. when they met with such a general Applause, that several Editions followed, with continual Encrease and Improvement. It must be confess'd, that this Vogue in the World did carry him into some Air and Affectation of Popularity. He could not forbear to make himself of his own Party, and to commend and admire his own Letters. This did, but justly, gain

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gain him the more Envy and Detraction ; and that again warm'd him the more into a Self-Love, and a higher Opinion of his own Worth.

This Emulation rais'd a perfect War in the Republick of Letters. The Criticks hunted for Faults and Exceptions, and pretended to discover and correct a Multitude of weak Places in him. His Admirers came forth, and replied to all Objections ; and as the manner of Disputing is, extoll'd his Performances the more, for the others impotent Reflections on them. In the midst of this Ferment, a warm young Man was drawn in to write a bitter Invective against him, to which by way of Irony and greater Insult, he put a sham Title, calling it, *The Conformity of the Eloquence of Monsieur Balzac with that of the greatest Persons, either in former Ages, or in the present Times.* A Piece so cutting and entertaining, that it was sufficiently

ently publish'd without the Press : It was so industriously handed and transcribed, that (like a Libel against a Tyrant) the written Copies spread farther than an ordinary Impression could have done ; yet with this Difference, that the Author was not afraid to be known, Father *Andrew*, a Monk of *St. Denny's*, whom *Voiture* call'd the *Helen* of this War, the Rise and Occasion of a long continued Quarrel. He repented however of his Rudeness, and gave *Monsieur Balzac* an Opportunity of showing his great Generosity, and Scorn of Revenge : For after all the Noise of such a Libel, the Monk visited the Gentleman at his Country-Seat, and was receiv'd by him with such open Heart and Hands, that from thenceforth they contracted a mutual Friendship, and kept a constant Correspondence, endear'd and improv'd till Death, as appears in several

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veral of *Balzac's* Letters, French and Latin.

Yet the Feud continued, when the chief Parties were reconcil'd. The Challenge made by Father *Andrew*, was soon accepted by another Champion, who call'd himself Father *Ogier*, a Name thought to be borrowed by *Balzac* himself, that so, under a Disguize, he might the more freely write his own *Apology*, published in 1627. which Monsieur *Menage* says was written in a learned and elegant Stile. But it serv'd only to provoke new Adversaries to come out against him.

Father *Goulu*, a Superiour of his Order, took up the Cause of Father *Andrew*, and under the Name of *Phyllarque*, publish'd two Volumes of Letters against those of *Balzac*, with great Fierceness, betraying the Bigotry and Blindness of a Cloister. This animated others of the Religious, to fall

fall in with the same Spirit of Reviling and Railing, in *Louvain*, and other Seminaries of ill Nature and ill Manners.

But Monsieur *Balzac* had so much Honour, as to value himself upon equal Matches, and would by no means engage with the Monastic Writers. He wrapt himself up in Silence for near twenty Years, and then made only a Complaint of his hard Usage, in some of his Discourses to *Menander*, in 1645. “ You remember (says he) the cruel Persecution that has rag’d against me for these twenty Years; during which Time, even an Angel from Heaven would not have been heard, if he had come down to plead my Cause. The Quarrel was too loud and passionate, to admit of any just Decision by the Public; but by God’s Blessing the Fury is now abated, and a Calm succeeds the terrible
“ Tem-

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“ Tempest. Things have now chan-
“ ged their Face, and there is good
“ Reason to believe, that Right and
“ Truth may now change their late
“ unhappy Fate, and meet with
“ more kind Acceptance and Prote-
“ ction in the World. But he could
not altogether suppress his Resent-
ments against the Men of Religious
Orders, who had treated him with
such vehement Rudeness. He could
not but observe, “ How far they
“ were degenerated from their pri-
“ mitive Institution; the good old
“ Fathers were wont to lift up their
“ Hands in ardent Prayers to Hea-
“ ven, and not defile ’em in writing
“ Satyrs. Their former Wars were
“ against their own Passions, and
“ their Spiritual Adversaries only.
“ They abstain’d from lawful Meats,
“ without tearing and devouring in-
“ nocent People, &c.

While

While *Balzac* had contain'd himself from Answers and Replies for 20 Years, he did not spend that Time in Chagrin and affected Silence; he finish'd a Political Discourse, entitled, *The Prince*, and publish'd it in 1631. Where he drew up the Character of a single Governour, as *Plato* had done that of a *Commonwealth*; in Idea and Contemplation, rather than in Practice and Example. But the Envy and Malice rais'd against him, lay in wait for whatever he should publish. Some accused him of Flattery, others of Detraction; nor were there wanting those who found it out, that he had study'd more to commend the Minister than the Master, the Cardinal than the King. But the greatest Charge was to be that of *Heresy*. The *Sorbon-Doctors* were prevail'd upon to form a sort of Process, and public Censure of it; and the Marquis of *Aytona* is said to have burnt it

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openly

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openly at *Brussels*. He gives a pleasant and discreet Account of this Storm of Religion upon him in a *Latin* Epistle. No doubt, this way of Procedure made him no less a Heretic, only more afraid to be thought so.

He was sensible of the Warning, and resolv'd to escape the Danger of falling into any kind of Inquisition. He avoided all Controversies in Religion; and yet that would not do, without purging himself from the Imputations of Heresy cast upon him, and doing some Penance for offending the Monks. So he wrote one *Discourse of the Excellence of a Religious* (*i. e.* a Monastical) *Life*; and another of the *Antiquity of the Christian* (*i. e.* the Roman-Catholick) *Religion*; wherein he illustrates the common Topicks of Tradition and Succession, and seems to be serious in preferring St. Peter before *Luther*; and yet

yet lays down the best Grounds for Reformation in these words ; “ A
“ Change is not good but where the
“ first Estate is evil ; nor is any In-
“ novation to be received, but where
“ the old Customs are corrupt and
“ vitious.

This likewise kept him upon a forced Guard, not to speak well of any of the Protestants, for fear of being thought to be in some Combination with them. An Account of this Caution of his is worthy to be transcribed from a learned Treatise, publish'd this Year at the *Hague*, entitled, *Monumens Authentiques de la Religion des Grecs*, by Monsieur *Aymon* ; who by way of Note on a Passage of *Cyril Lucar's* Letter to the Church of *Geneva*, observes the Injustice of the Papists, in refusing to speak honourably or respectfully of any Protestant Writers. He gives several Instances, agreeable to the Profess'd Principle of

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the Jesuit *Serarius*, who maintains in his *Minerval*, *That to praise a Heretic or Sectary in any Catholic Book, was an Abomination to the Lord, and as execrable as the Offerings mentioned, Deut. 23. 18.* He cites another Author, for saying, *That at Rome it is a Crime to own anything good in an Heretical Book:* And then he proceeds in his own Observations, “ That this
“ unjust Maxim is not held at Rome
“ only, or in *Italy*; but it obtains
“ in every Popish Country, even in
“ those Places where the Inquisition
“ is not introduced. *France*, that
“ has so long preserv’d her Liberties
“ with so much Jealousy against the
“ Attempts of the Papal See, shame-
“ fully conforms in this Point with
“ the Partisans of the Court of *Rome*;
“ and the inhumane Inquisitors at
“ *Goa*. We find a memorable Exam-
“ ple of this in a Letter of the fa-
“ mous Orator *M. Balzac*, to Mon-
“ sieur

“ sieur the Marquis of Montausier, in-
 “ serted at the End of his Letters to
 “ Mons. Conrart. See how he speaks of
 “ this Matter, that they of the Com-
 “ munion of the Church of Rome must
 “ not dare to give any Commendations
 “ of the Reformed. Says he, *Madam de*
Saumaïs desired me by Monsieur Conrart,
that I would please to give her some
Lines upon the Memory of her deceased
Husband (the great Salmasius) to be
engrav'd upon his Tomb. But I took
Care not to promise any thing of that
kind, because my Condition would not al-
low me to perform it----- For since Se-
pultures and Funeral-Rites are a solemn
part of Religion, it seems to me that the
Epitaph of a Huguenot cannot be compo-
sed by a Catholick. Such an Epitaph
at least as is to be set up in a Church,
and therefore ought to be written in a
Christian Stile, wherein it is very diffi-
cult not to create a Misunderstanding,
by some one favourable Word or other,

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supposing the Deceased is passed from this Life to a better : You know, Sir, that these Words are criminal in our Church, and have been condemn'd at Rome, in the Writings of the greatest Men of our Age.

The Truth is, that upon this Subject of Religion, he was forc'd (like many others in a Popish Country) to conceal his own Light, and so far to dissemble his inward Thoughts, as to profess an Aversion to the *Huguenots*. This Pretension was charg'd upon him by one of his Protestant Correspondents, Monsieur *Conrart*; to which he made this softned Reply, *As to what you object, that I have an Aversion against the Huguenots, certainly it is not against Monsieur Conrart, nor against Salmasius, nor Daille, whom I have so much commended and celebrated, whom I love, honour, and esteem so perfectly, and profess it here so publicly.* Perhaps the good Monsieur *Peyrared*

rede (a zealous Protestant) did not distinguish between what I said in Rail-
lery, and what in earnest; and that in
the Freedom of our Conversation, he
might take that amiss, which I intended
to be very innocent. But to enlarge no
more upon this Matter, I do protest, my
dear Friend, that I have no more Aver-
sion to the Huguenots, than you have to
the Catholicks.

In all these jealous dubious times,
Monsieur Balzac employ'd himself in
writing Letters upon various Subjects
to his Friends and Acquaintance. This
daily rais'd a Love and Esteem of him,
but it brought along with it a dread-
ful Burden of Correspondence, and a
greater Fear and Pain in Writing, be-
cause he knew his Letters would pass
through many Hands, and be at last
publish'd to the whole World. He
was sensible of the Fatigue and Snare
he had brought himself into; he com-
plain'd heavily to a Friend, " That

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“ he was persecuted, and in a man-
“ ner murder’d by the Civilities of
“ his Friends ; that he had upon his
“ Table above fifty Letters at a time,
“ which required as many different
“ Answers ; and those Answers not
“ slight and cursory, but deliberate
“ and correct, because they would
“ be communicated to others, per-
“ haps copied out, and at last pub-
“ lish’d to all the World.

By this Multiplicity of Correspondence, he got the Title of the Grand Epistoler of *France* ; and, sometimes in Pleasantry would give himself that Name, to drown the reproachful Sense of it in the Mouth of others. By this happy Vein of writing, he is allow’d to have been the first Refiner of the *French* Language, and to have given it not only a Beauty, which they have labour’d to improve, but a Strength, which they have suffer’d to decay. Monsieur du *Rondel* gave
lately

of *M. Balzac*. xxxiii

lately this Opinion of him, in these
Words ; “ We ought never to speak
“ of *Balzac* without Respect and
“ Veneration. Without him our
“ Language had been still low and
“ faltring. To him we owe the Ob-
“ ligation of our knowing how to
“ speak and write. It is true, in
“ the Precedents which he has left
“ to us, some of them are rather
“ noble than instructive ; for his Ele-
“ vation of Thought and Words is
“ so great, so strong, so majestick ;
“ and he maintains himself so well
“ in that Height and Grandeur, that
“ we are the less able to reach up to
“ it : But this is not his Fault so
“ much as our Imperfection. That
“ there is no Person who can follow
“ him ; this does not hinder the Ex-
“ tent of his Merit, or the Strength
“ and Beauty of his Stile ; it on-
“ ly makes them the more remarka-
“ ble.

In

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In this Faculty of writing Letters, *Voiture* was his only Rival; they had their respective Admirers, who drew into Sides and Parties for them; not only in common Conversation, but in publick Appeals to the World; wherein there was Subject enough for Cavils and critical Remarks: For the turn of their Thoughts, and their way of Expression were very different. And indeed there is a sort of Idiotism in every Writer; and so there must be, since the Lines and the Air, as it were, of every Soul, do vary as much as those of the outward Face; and perhaps no two in the World ever look'd, or thought, or wrote exactly like each other. Both of these Competitors, *Balzac* and *Voiture*, had in their several ways their Faults and their Perfections. *Voiture* had his singular Felicity in natural and easy Conceptions, delivered in the soft, smooth and charming Vein of

Ex-

of M. Balzac. xxxv

Expression: He seems to talk with you while you read him. *Balzac* had the deeper Thoughts, and the stronger Images of things, set out with such rising Words and Periods, as came fully up to them. *Voiture* might be said to draw the finer Picture, and *Balzac* to cut out the bolder Statue. We may trust to Monsieur *Rondel*, who has thus decided the Cause between them; “ We must allow to
“ *Voiture* the Excellence of writing
“ freely, naturally, and in an every
“ day Style. This was his Genius;
“ and he could not do better. But
“ yet we must do Justice to *Balzac*,
“ and set him above the rest of Mor-
“ tals, for the bravest, the most no-
“ ble, the most glorious Attempt
“ that was ever made upon our Lan-
“ guage. Without him, the sublime
“ Style had been unknown in France,
“ and Men would have imagin’d, that
“ our Tongue had been incapable of
“ it, &c. The

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The growing Reputation of *Balzac* rais'd him greater Enemies ; and the more his Writings obtain'd a Name, the more ambitious were some Pens to engage against him. This did not move the Author to any Anger or Revenge : He seem'd rather to satisfy himself, that he had an Honour done him. He might have thought it an Argument of his Impertinence and Dullness, if his Writings should die unanswered ; but the frequent Reflections and Animadversions made upon 'em, did, in spite of Malice, shew 'em to be somewhat more considerable.

He drew upon himself the Eyes and the Envy of all the Criticks. *Daniel Heinsius* was severe upon him, for presuming, in a short Discourse, to correct his *Herodes Infanticida*. The great *Salmasius* interpos'd, and adjudg'd the Right to be in Monsieur *Balzac*. This stirr'd up Monsieur *Croi*,

of M. Balzac. xxxvii

a Minister in *Languedoc*, to take the Part of *Heinsius*, and to load his Adversaries with all he could throw upon 'em. But amongst all his Enemies, the bitterest was *Costar*, in Defence of *Voiture* ; and the gentlest was M. du Moulin, who attackt him, and came off again with this light Blow upon him. *Vir ingenio comptus, & Gallicæ Eloquentiæ lande clarus Balzacus, sed in Religionis negotio plusquam Infans.* “ A Man of clean
“ Wit, and famous for his Elo-
“ quence in the *French* Tongue ; but
“ in Matters of Religion a meer Child. This latter Part of the Character was indeed true, but not really reproachful. For this great Man being not a good Catholick at his Heart, was unwilling to look into the Popish Controversies, for fear he should find by too much looking (like a jealous Husband) his own Shame and Confusion. He thought it safer, to take
things

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things upon trust, than to be nice in the Examination of them. And this, no doubt, is the present Humour of many Gentlemen in that Communion; they will not trust themselves with Controversy; they will not read their own *Bellarmino*; they would have the cheapest Faith; which is, to believe as the Church believes. By this declining of Disputes, the Noble, as well as the Vulgar, can make Ignorance the Mother of Devotion.

To return to *Balzac*; He had a mighty Happiness in despising the Reflections that were made upon him: He run 'em over for Amusement and Diversion, and laid them down again with Smiles and Self-Satisfaction. He gave a pleasant Instance of this Humour, upon the Occasion of a grievous Libel coming out against him, in 1636. which the Chancellor *Seguire* took Care to suppress, in

in Kindness and Respect to him. He made his due Acknowledgments to the Chancellor, with this Slight upon his Adversaries ; “ That if the “ Libels come out against him could “ make a little Library, he was willing their Number should be still “ increasing : And that for his part, “ he could take a Pleasure to build “ himself a Castle with the Stones “ that Envy threw at him, without “ doing any Hurt to him.

Under this Easiness and Unconcern, he put himself above the Reach of those Men, who were forward to assume the Seat of Judges ; and from all their Sentences and Decrees, he was content within himself to appeal to Posterity. Yet still the wiser part of Mankind absolv'd him, and held him in great Respect and Veneration. He had the Honour to be invited and admitted into the select Body of Wits and Scholars, the *French Academy*. Cardinal

Ma-

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Mazarine, in the Height of his Ministry, importun'd him to be great at Court. *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*, paid him several Civilities, and seem'd to be fond of receiving and reading his Letters. All his Countrymen of Quality and Figure, were proud of seeking out Occasions to be acquainted with him, and address'd by him. Nor were there any Strangers of Distinction travelling thro' *France*, but who made it commonly in their way, to pay their Visits and Devoirs to him. So that he sometimes complain'd of the Interruption, and Loss of Time, that this Civility or Curiosity of Foreigners brought upon him : He could not so well bear their breaking in upon his Studies and Retirements, and bringing so many Complements along with them.

By these respectful Applications, his own House became too publick
for

for him ; and therefore he built two Chambers in the Convent of the Capuchins at *Angoulesme*, and withdrew into that Apartment, as weary of the Croud and Noise of the World. Here he composed his *Christian Socrates*, as an Image of his own Mind now intent upon Piety and Prudence. He express'd himself extreamly pleas'd with this Retreat, and declar'd he was ambitious of nothing more, than to depart here in Peace, not only like an honest Man, but like a good Christian.

Here in a Fit of Sickness, he purchas'd the Prayers of the poor Brethren ; and upon his Recovery, he rewarded them as amply, as if he had ow'd his Life entirely to them. Here finally he made his Death-Bed, and said many excellent things while he lay upon it, about the Middle of *February*, 1654. He ordered by his last Will, that his Body should be

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buried

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buried at *Angoulesme*, in the Hospital of *Nostre Dame*, at the Feet of the poor Alms-Men there interr'd.

He is reported in his Life-time to have spent above eight thousand Crowns of his own Estate in Works of Charity. At his Decease, he bequeath'd a Legacy of twelve thousand Livres to the foresaid Hospital, and establish'd a Rent of one hundred Livres *per Ann.* to be employ'd once in every two Years for a *Præmium* to him, who by Judgment of the *French Academy*, should compose the best Discourse upon the Subject of Christian Piety; yet he left nothing toward Masses to pray for his Soul, an Argument that he had no Opinion of them, A Canon of *Angoulesme* made his Funeral Oration, and another soon publish'd a Discourse for a profess'd Memorial of him.

But his greatest Praise is in his own Works, which were collected and printed

printed together at *Paris*, in 1665. in two Volumes Folio, with a Preface by the Abbot of *Cassains*, a Member of the Academy. His Pieces were admir'd abroad, and several of them were translated into other Languages. His *Prince* was made *English* by H. G. and printed at *London*, 1648. 8vo. Some of his Letters were likewise turn'd into our Language, by W. J. *London*, 1634. And another Volume of them by Sir *Richard Baker*, *London*, 1638. 8vo. We have further some Letters between him and Monsieur *du Moulin*, *London*, 1636. 8vo. and his Choice Letters to eminent Persons in *France*: With his Letters to Monsieur *Chappelain*, *London*, 1638. 8vo. And the great Mr. *Selden* has left us a Manuscript Copy of the *Communications* between Monsr. *Balzac*, and Monsr. *Moulin*, now in the *Bodley Library* at *Oxford*.

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Among all his Tracts, there is none wrote with more Life and Spirit, more Thought and Judgment, than the following Discourses, which he call'd *Aristippus*, or *the Courtier*. Mons. Richelet, who made Remarks on *Balzac's Letters*, does confess, that his *Prince* and his *Aristippus* are his two best Performances. But Monsieur *Perrault*, in his *Characters of illustrious Men*, seems to think, that his *Prince* is not to be mention'd at the same time with his *Aristippus*.

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THE

T H E

Introduction.

IN the Year MDCXVIII. His Highness the Landgrave of *Hesse* went to drink the Waters at *Spaw*, by Order of his Physicians. In his Return, being upon the Frontiers of *France*, and understanding that the Duke *D'Espernon* was then in his Government of *Metz*, he had a Desire to see a Man, of whom he had read so much. History had inform'd him, that as Vertue first rais'd this Great Man, so Fortune could never depress him; that he was brighter and more glorious under Disgrace, than in the Height of Favour; that he had Strength to resist a Party which design'd the Ruin of the State; and that he merited the good Graces of a King to whom nothing was wanting, but to have been born in a better Age.

The Landgrave, mov'd with the Admiration of so long and lasting a Vertue, esteem'd this illustrious old Man worthy his Curiosity, and did him the Honour to pay him a Vizit at *Metz*. By Misfortune, the Gout seiz'd him, the Morrow after his Arrival: And tho' it had been wont to treat him very gently, and to be rather a Confinement than a Pain, yet 'twas necessary to receive it as a real Distemper, and to keep his Bed, while it continued. This Accident detain'd him longer than he propos'd in a Place where he could otherwise have stay'd without being uneasie. And, at the same time, it gave us an Opportunity of considering him under a nearer View.

As he was a Prince that deserv'd the Title of a Lover of Letters, so he spent the Hours of his Leisure, and even the Intervals of his Misfortunes, either in reading good Books, or in discoursing with Learned Men, who were the greatest Masters of them. He was now attended by one, for whom he had a particular Esteem, and who indeed was an extraordinary Person. He was wont to call him his *ARISTIPPUS*, or, sometimes, his *wife Scholar*, to explain the Name he had given him.

This

This was a Gentleman of exquisite Judgment, and consummate Experience, by Religion a (R.) Catholick, a *Frenchman* by Birth, and a *German* by Descent. He had the Gift of pleasing, and the Art of perswading. He understood the Old and New Court, and having, in his frequent Travels, observ'd the Manners and Genius of Princes and their Ministers, he possess'd a Treasure of modern Knowledge, besides all the other Supplies that he had drawn from the Stock of Antiquity, or had gain'd by Study and Meditation.

I was so happy as to commence an immediate Friendship with him. He presented me to the Landgrave, and said very kind things of me to his whole Court. Nay, he engag'd his Highness's Consent that I should assist at the Conferences they held after Dinner. Upon their leaving *Germany*, they had chosen *Cornelius Tacitus* for their Companion, and they did not repent of their Choice. He had entertain'd them at *Spaw*, and upon the Road; and when they arriv'd at *Metz*, they were come to the Beginning of *Vespasian's* Reign:

Aristippus was the Reader and Interpreter. He made Reflections upon what he had read, sometimes in a few Words and a cursory manner, sometimes more parti-

cularly, and at large, as his own Inclination led him, or the Landgrave desir'd him. 'Twas a surprizing Pleasure, to hear a Philosopher talk so well of the Court: And if the Sophist that expos'd himself before *Hannibal*, had spoken as properly of the Art of War, he would not have been laugh'd at for his Harangue.

Publick Business is often corrupt and impure: We cannot touch it without being defil'd. But the Speculation is honest-er than the Management, and may be prosecuted with Innocence and Purity. The Pictures of Dragons and Crocodiles, having no Poyson to injure the Sight, may have Colours that delight the Eye; and I must confess that the World, which could never please me in it self, yet seem'd agreeable in the Conversation of *Aristippus*.

In this wise and learned Conversation, as in a Tower reaching to Heaven, and built upon the Shore, we had a secure Prospect of the Commotions and Tempests of the World. We were Spectators of the several Pieces that were play'd upon the Stage of *Europe*. *Aristippus* oblig'd us with the Argument of every Piece that was to follow; and his natural and acquir'd Wisdom comprehending all that was past and present, gave us likewise some Insight in-

to

to the future. I was his Captive, from the Beginning to the End of his Discourse, and I heard him with so strict Attention, as not to lose a Word that he said. But that I might make room for his next Days Conversation, being retir'd to my Chamber, I writ down at Night what I had heard after Dinner, and unladed upon my Paper my *Cargo of Pearls and Diamonds*, as the Excellent M. Coeffeteau term'd them, to whom I communicated them every Morning.—One Line of the History of *Vespasian* serv'd *Aristippus* as a Text to begin; and the Intreaties of the Landgrave oblig'd him not to make an End very soon.

DISCOURSE

The First.

IT is a singular Opinion of some very positive Philosophers, that a wise Man has need of no body but himself, and that whatsoever is separate from his Person, is entirely foreign to his Affairs. By this means, they exclude Friendship out of the Number of things necessary, and only place it in the Rank of things agreeable. And yet there are much better Men than they, I mean the Family of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, who declare, that without Friendship all Happiness is incomplete and defective, all Vertue weak and impotent ; who pronounce Friends to be the most useful and most desirable of all outward Goods ; and who consider them, not as the Toys and Amusements of an imaginary wise Man, but as the Aids and Supports of a Man of Business.

Abso-

Absolute Self-sufficiency is the Prerogative of God, and none else may assume so high and magnificent a Style. He alone, rich in his own proper Being, enjoys a happy Solitude, abounding with all manner of Good: He, who, as he acts without Labour, so he can operate without Instrument: He who produces all things out of the Fertility of his own Nature, because all things so proceed from him, as still to continue in him. Whereas we, on the contrary, can neither live well, nor even live; can neither be happy, nor be Men, without the Assistance of each other. We are link'd together by the Necessity of mutual Commerce. Each of us is imperfect, while he is but one, and must therefore endeavour, as it were, to multiply himself by the Succours of many. In one Word, if we consider our selves under a general View, we are not properly so many entire Bodies, but so many scatter'd Members which Society reunites.

The Injur'd require Justice, the Weak and the Afflicted are entitul'd to Comfort and Support: But we stand universally in need of Counsel. This is the Great Element of Civil Life; Fire and Water are scarce more necessary. The two Instru-

ments of Action with which Nature has supplied us, are both directed to this End : Reason and Speech being chiefly given us for Counsel. Beasts are hurried away by the sudden Impulse of Appetite, and by the Presence of the first Object. But Men govern themselves by Deliberation and Discourse. Being endued with the Power of Enquiry, and the Gift of Choice, they can pass immediately from present to future, from first to second, and then stop or proceed, as they find of Moment to their Affairs.

Thieves and Pirates make use of Counsel, nor do the wildest Savages renounce its Aid : How much more ought it to be entertain'd by Men of Honesty and Civility ? Nay, the wisest among Men seem most to need this Assistance : Because they should always suspect their own Wisdom in their own Case. Man is so near to himself, that he can't find any Medium, any free Space, to unfold his secret Counsels, and place them to Advantage ; nor can he hinder those two *Reasons* which act in his Deliberations from mixing and blending with each other ; that which *proposes* insensibly flowing into that which *concludes*.

'Tis necessary, then, that he who advises should be another Person, distinct from

from him that is advised. 'Tis necessary there should be a due Interval between the Faculty and the Object: And, as the sharpest Eyes have no direct View of themselves, so the most acute Judgments are seldom clear-sighted in their own Affairs. Whatsoever Knowledge we obtain by the Powers of Nature, and whatsoever Light is divinely deriv'd to us from above, we ought not to reject human Means, nor to despise that Surplusage of Reason, and that fuller Illustration of Truth, which is gain'd by Conference and Debate.

Let us confess the Weakness of *Man separated from Man*, and the Advantages of Society above Solitude. If the Friend of God, and the Prince and Leader of God's People, tho' a miraculous Cloud went before him by Day, and a Pillar of Fire by Night, to mark out the Place of his Encampment and Abode, did not yet disdain to take a Guide for his Assistance in other probable Difficulties of the way; shall any Man, after this Example, refuse the Benefit of Guidance and Direction? Shall any Man so much confide in his natural Strength, and his Advantages of Birth, or sleep so negligently over the expected Favours of Heaven, as to imagine that the Help of others would be wholly unserviceable

serviceable to him, or to believe, that his Personal Fortune and Wisdom would alone prove sufficient to guide and govern his Life?

Those who are rais'd above the common Level of Mankind, arriv'd at their distinguish'd Height by various Steps and Degrees: It was not meer Chance that gave them the Ascendant of others, nor was even their Vertue the sole Cause of their Success. The Services of some illustrious Friend are commonly to be reckon'd among the Wonders of their Story; and 'tis visible in the Course of all Ages, that those Princes have made the greatest Conquests who have had the ablest Seconds. Among the numerous Examples which swell the Annals of past Time, I shall confine my self to that at which we left off yesterday, and which engag'd his Highness to hear me speak to day.

Vespasian had liv'd under the Tyranny of *Nero*, and escap'd his Hands almost by Miracle. He was not satisfied with his own Deliverance, upon the Death of this Monster; but took Courage, and made a farther Effort, towards the Safety of the Publick. Observing that other *Neroes* threatned the World, and that new Monsters were breaking loose, he hazarded his
own

own Life, to rescue the World, by seizing upon the Empire; he undertook the Protection of the *Roman* People, the Flower of which was almost consumed by Poyson, or Sword, and the Residue daily exhausted, to stock the Islands, and crowd the Dungeons. And yet after all, had he stop'd in this good Will, and these honest Intentions, he had still suffer'd all the Lights of the Senate to be extinguish'd, and the Common-wealth to perish, before his Eyes, but for the powerful Solicitation, and lively Instances of *Mutius*, who, as it were by Force, set the Crown upon his Head, and made him Emperor against his Will.

It was he that first rouz'd the Spirit of *Vespasian*, who seem'd to acquiesce in the present State of Things, tho' he did not approve it, and who durst not set himself up for the Head and Author of the Change which he desir'd. Having once brought him to waver, he press'd him with so many Reasons, and attack'd him with so much Eloquence and Address, as at length to oblige him to go thro' with the Enterprize, and openly to declare for the Cause of his Country.

But 'tis fit we should know, this excellent Friend was a Man who could bring
another

another sort of Strength to a Party, than fair Wishes and fine Words. For, at first setting out, he fortified *Vespasian* with Men and Money, he reduc'd Provinces under his Command, and brought Legions to his Assistance: He never spar'd his own Person, in the greatest Extremities of Danger; but would commonly challenge the Part of executing with his Hand what had been concerted by his Advice.

Those who would win a Crown, cannot be without such brave Men, for their Guidance; and those who wear a Crown have no less need of them, for their Stay. Never was Prince of so much Personal Strength, as to sustain the whole Burthen of a Kingdom's Cares; never was any so jealous of his Authority, as to reign absolutely alone, and to be a *Monarch*, according to the Strictness of Grammar. And therefore it is but meer Fancy and Sport of Wit in the *Platonists*, to make their court to Royalty, and place it above the Sphere of mortal Condition, when they tell us, that *Heaven gives to Kings a double Spirit, for the Well-governing of their Realms*. *Plato* diverts himself often with this Ambiguity of Style: His way of philosophizing is Poetical, and he loves a Mixture of Fable with Theology. This double Spirit is
one

one of his *double Entendres*; and we shall do much better, to explain it, of the Spirit of the King, and the Spirit of his Confident, than to have recourse to a Miracle, which should not be alledg'd but in case of Necessity, not even for the Honour and Glory of Princes.

'Tis certain, they sustain a Charge so disproportion'd to the Weakness of a single Person, that if they had not many to rest upon, they would be in danger of falling at every Step. Unless they call'd their Friends and Ministers to their Succour, and canton'd out the Business of the World, they would quickly feel the Punishment of their unadvis'd Ambition, and would be crush'd under the Weight of their own Greatness: They would not enjoy so much as a Breathing-space among the Multiplicity of Cares, with which they are on every side assaulted, and the Crowd of Business would even stifle them at the first Audience which they gave.

There are several Orders and Degrees of Ministers which have each their proper Place in the Administration of a State. There are some Genius's of a moderate Size and Capacity, such as rid and prepare things for the Hands of better Artists. These are very serviceable at the Beginning

ning of an Enterprize; they clear the Way, and remove the Difficulties of Action. Such Instruments the Prince makes use of, for his every days Work, and discharges himself upon their Shoulders of the grosser Functions of his Royalty.

Other Genius's there are of a more elevated Character, with whom the Prince may intrust his more important Affairs, and give them a nobler Share in his Desigas. These may be said to govern under him and with him; nor are they unskilful Pilots in a calm Haven and a quiet Sea.

But how happy that Prince, and how belov'd by Heaven, who meets with Genius's of the highest Order, and first Magnitude; Souls equal to *Intelligences*, in Light, in Strength, in Sublimity; Men that seem to have been form'd, and sent into the World, by an extraordinary Providence, to prevent, or to stem, the Evils of their Time; to divert, or to appease, the Storms of their Country!

These are the Guardian Angels of Kingdoms, and the Familiar Spirits of Kings. These are the worthy Seconds of an *Alexander*, or a *Cesar*. They afford Relief and Comfort to their Prince, in his greatest Labours, and share with him those Salutary Disquiets, without which the World
could

could enjoy no Degree of Tranquillity. If the Government under which we live can boast such excellent Spirits, let us thank, let us bless, their faithful Cares and Watchings, which are so necessary to the publick Repose, and under the Protection of which we sleep secure and at our Ease. Was it not, Sir, from these prudent Watchings, that the *Greek Poets* honour'd the Night with the Name of *Wise*, and *Counsellor*? I should be inclin'd to think so, and I am sure the *Grammarians* often present us with more remote Explications.

The Poets, (your Highness knows it better than I,) were the most antient Instructors of Mankind. We are indebted to them for the first Principles of Morality and Policy. Wherefore, in this, as in other Subjects, they first discover'd and pointed out the Truth, which the Philosophers afterwards display'd in its full Light and Proportions. Being well appriz'd of this Necessity of Society, and these Defects of Solitude, besides their *Jupiter the Counsellor*, and *Minerva the Counsellor*, besides the Gods and Demons which they assign for the Attendance of their Heroes, they likewise provide them with Men, to be the inferior Assistants in their Adventures ;

tures; and with other Heroes, to be the honourable Partners of their great Achievements.

While *Hercules* strikes off the *Hydra's* Heads, *Jolas* applies the Fire, to hinder them from sprouting up again. *Diomedes* undertakes nothing without *Ulysses*. *Agamemnon* acts but upon the Foot of *Nestor's* Counsels: And we find that Prince, when he would sum up all his Wishes in one, desiring neither greater Forces, nor deeper Treasures, nor the Ruin of the Empire of *Asia*, nor the Advancement of that of *Greece*, but only *ten Men like Nestor*. Thus *Agamemnon*, under the Fear of losing his aged Counsellor, intimates the great Want of others to fill his Place at the Board: And thus *Homer* instructs us, that one *Nestor* is sometimes to be found in an Age, but that ten *Nestors* are only to be wish'd.

It does not appear that this memorable Wish did any way lessen or obscure the Glory of him that utter'd it; nor did *Greece* reproach her Prince for suffering himself to be govern'd by *Nestor*. The King of Kings was not on this Account esteem'd less wise, or less worthy of the supreme Direction. On the contrary, it is a political Maxim, which may pass for a
Propo-

Proposition of eternal Truth, and which is as old as Policy it self, That an unskilful Prince can neither be well counsell'd, nor well serv'd.

And if the receiving of Counsel supposes some Advantage on the side of him that gives it, yet neither is the Inferiority on the Part of the Receiver without its proper Dignity. He is still superior in his Turn; he resumes the chief Place, when he sets his Hand to the Work, and, by executing what has been resolv'd, changes Rules into Examples, and wise Words into real and lasting Effects. For tho' we find it to have been heretofore Proverbial at Rome, *That Lælius was the Poet, and Scipio the Actor*: And tho' it be true, that the composing of Verses is a nobler Part than the bare Recital; yet 'tis by no means true, that he who executes any gallant Enterprize, produces a less glorious Work, than he who barely advised it. The Counsellor may seem to keep his Precedency in the Beginnings of Action, but he drops it in their Issue and Event: Nor even in the Beginnings does he possess it entire, because the Actor does not remain useless, and without Motion, during the very Article of Counsel.

Nature seems to attest the Truth of what we are now observing, and has framed some kind of Resemblance of it in the Soul of Man; where that Power of the Understanding which we term *Patient*, and which is the Seat of Knowledge, tho' it be enlighten'd by the active Power, yet is not so purely passive, as not to exert some kind of Action it self. It judges of the Notices it has receiv'd; it turns, and opens, and spreads them before its View; and, having compar'd them with each other, improves them into Consequences and Conclusions. And thus we may say it acts, or works in Company; and if it be still *patient*, 'tis yet with the fairest and kindest Passion; such as does not hurt or corrupt, like that of a Wound, or a Burn, but such as improves and accomplishes, as that of Illumination in the Air, or the Reception of Images in the Eye.

But to leave these Subtilities, and to express our selves in a more popular Phrase; let us conclude, that good Instruments require good Hands, and that no Man can profit by the Wisdom of another, who does not enjoy some degrees of his own. For Wisdom it self is irresolute and unassured, when not strengthen'd

en'd by Approbation, and when reduc'd to its own single Testimony. The Reason of others in Concurrence and Concert with ours, cannot prejudice the first Apprehensions we have of the Truth of Things ; and our Friend *Aristotle* has observed to this purpose, that *Salt is good with Sea-fish, and Oil seasons Olives*. A Courtier transported with Heat and Rashness, or brib'd by Self-Interest, puts all things into Confusion, and pulls down, when he ought to build. But a wise and faithful Minister, who divides his Affection between his Prince and his Country by equal Shares, performs the highest Service to both, and may, in my Opinion, be not unjustly stil'd, *The Temperament of single (or monarchic) Power, and the common Blessing of a State*.

But my private Judgment will seem incompetent for the framing and concluding of this Discourse, if I do not confirm it by the publick Acknowledgments that have been made to Persons so universally beneficial ; and by those shining Marks of Honour and Esteem which Princes themselves have render'd to the Wisdom and Fidelity of their Ministers.

And here I shall pass by *Greece*, where *they* reign'd with the *Kings* ; and *Persia*, where the *Kings* reign'd by *them*, and where they were call'd, *the Eyes of the King*, always open, and always watching for the Safety of the Kingdom, looking forwards and backwards, to the Right, and to the Left, at one View ; according to the Exposition of an ingenious Person.

I shall confine my self to *Rome*, where the Emperours, to soften the harsher Terms of Servitude and Subjection, have honour'd these Servants with the Title of Friends ; have call'd them sometimes their *Companions*, sometimes the *Companions of their Labours*, or of their *Wars and Victories* ; and (what is more) have encourag'd the People to salute them with the same Character.

They have erected Statues to ! them, over against their own. They have deliver'd their Sword into their Hands, with Commission to use it against themselves, if the Good of the State should so require ; and in case they should prove unworthy of their Imperial Dignity. They have stamp'd Money with the Effigies of a brave General, and with this Motto, *Belizarius the Glory of the Romans*.

mans: And there is still preserv'd a Silver Medal, which on one side represents *Valentinian*; and on the Reverse, one of his Subjects, seated in the Consular Chair, holding a Roll of Papers in his Right Hand, and a Truncheon with an Eagle perch'd upon it, in his Left. In the *Augustan* History, we find this pompous Inscription, consecrated to the Memory of a great Minister; *To Mili-theus, the Father of Princes, and the Guardian of the Commonwealth.*

The Inscription is singular, and the Title of *Father of the Prince*, uncommon in those Days before the Translation of the Imperial Throne from *Rome* to *Constantinople*. But afterwards this Character was (as 'twere) erected into an Office, and they who had the chief Direction of Affairs, were usually styl'd, *Fathers of the Empire, and of the Empe-
rour.*

The History after *Constantine* speaks of nothing more frequently, than of this Quality and Name. Poetry has not been silent upon the Occasion; and there are still extant the *Invectives of Claudian* against the Eunuch *Eutropius*, Consul, and *Father of the Empire*. His Fall is taken notice of by all the Writers of that Age;

and St. *Chrysostom* has made it the chief Subject of one of his *Homilies*. But the satyrical Verses that are especially to my Purpose, relate to the Confiscation of his Estate; and the Turn of them, if my Memory does not fail me, is this;
 “ Why do you lament the Loss of your
 “ Treasures, which fall into the Hands
 “ of your Son? The Emperor will be
 “ your *Heir*; and this is the only way
 “ by which ’tis possible for you to be his
 “ *Father*. But I have recover’d the Verses themselves, and the Comment has put me in mind of the Text.

*Direptas quid plangis Opes quas natus habet
 (bebit?)
 Non aliter poteris principis esse pater.*

Mourn not the Wealth that shall enrich
 (your Son:
 Your only way to be the Father of the
 (Crown.

When I reflect, that the Cross of
 JESUS CHRIST had now taken
 Place of the *Roman* Eagles, and that the
 Emperours, who had been so long
 Strangers and Persecutors, were now be-
 come Sons of the Church, and of the
 Hou-

Household of Faith, I am dispos'd to think, they might borrow this Term from the Holy Scriptures, and from the Discourse of the Patriarch Joseph.

We find this great Minister declaring in *Genesis*, that God had given him for a Father to Pharaoh, and made him Lord over Egypt, and over all his Household. And the same Holy Records acquaint us, that Pharaoh took off his Ring from his Hand, and put it on Joseph's Hand; that he made him to ride in the second Chariot which he had, and commanded that they should cry before him, Bow the Knee; and told him in full Assembly, Thou shalt be over my House, and according unto thy Word shall all my People be ruled, only in the Throne will I be greater than thou.

Nothing can be added to so illustrious a Testimony of the Gratitude of a Prince so well advis'd. After this, what remains for us to say, or to conceive? We see the noblest Idea we could form of the Worth and Excellency of a Minister, is authoriz'd by the most antient of all Examples in that kind. 'Tis impossible to go farther; and I must confess, Sir, I cannot but be sensible of some Temptation

tation to Vanity, when I have the Honour to hear so great a Prophet explaining me, by the Mouth of so great a King.

DIS.

DISCOURSE

The Second.

THIS being fix'd as a certain Truth, that Kings cannot reign without Ministers, it will perhaps be found as true, that they cannot live without Favourites. It is the Nature of Good, not to rest in its Source and Origin, but to spread and diffuse it self; and its Goodness is imperfect, if it does not encrease by Communication, and rise and flow into Perfection. Let us add what is still more surprizing, and not less certain : It has been long since maintain'd, upon the Principles of Reason, that *if one Man possess'd Heaven alone, and had it not in his Power to receive a Partner there, he would repine at his own Happiness, and abandon Heaven to seek Company upon Earth.*

Upon the same Principles I shall affirm, that the wisest Princes now in the World, that the *Augustus's* and *Antoninus's*, should they come again upon the Stage, that the
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Constantine's and *Theodosius's*, may have very lawful Affections, and may very rationally love and esteem one Man rather than another.

Let your People be your Favourite, was heretofore the Advice given to a great Prince by too severe a Philosopher. To debar Princes of the most agreeable Liberty of their Will, and to despoil them of the most Human of all their Passions: This were to be the Tyrant of Kings, and to oblige them to be no longer Men: It were to chain them up to the Greatness of their Condition, and nail them to their Throne. How rigorous an Hardship must it prove, should they be enjoin'd never to appear in a Form like ours, never to lay aside that Majesty which incommodes and fatigues them? Or can it be criminal to entertain a dear Friend and Confident, whose Company may afford Diversion after Business, and Rest after Labour?

Vertue never shews her self austere and unfociable; she does not destroy Nature, but correct and improve it: She knows how to answer the Demands of Justice, but she also knows how to perform an Act of Grace. She extends her Charity to all alike, to *Greek* and *Barbarian*, to *Domesticks* and *Strangers*; but she limits her

her Friendship to a few, and does not espouse all whom she is pleas'd to embrace.

In Heaven, where are to be found the first Ideas and Original Forms of things, are there not likewise to be found some more gracious Inclinations, and more favourable Regards, such as constitute the happy Names of the *Predestinated* and *Elect*? Was there not a *Chosen Nation* preferr'd to all other Nations? Was it not styl'd, *the Lord's Portion and Inheritance*? Did not the Almighty expressly promise to that Race of Men, *I will be their God, and they shall be my People*? In the Family of the Patriarchs, this Preference always fell on one Side, to the Exclusion of the rest. The Younger carry'd away the Birth-right from the Elder, and the Advantages of Nature gave Place to the Command of God.

And when the blessed Son of God came into the World, besides the Seventy-two Disciples that were of his Train, and had all devoted themselves to his Service, he chose Twelve, whom he nam'd Apostles, to be the immediate Attendants of his Person. And among these Twelve there were Three, who seem to have been of the Cabinet, to whom he made a fuller
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Declaration of himself, and chose them for the Eye-Witnesses to those Marks of his Glory and Divinity, which were hidden from their Companions. He imparted to them many secret Futurities, amidst the Disquietude of his dying Thoughts, and the Horrors of his approaching Passion. Nay further, he express'd a more peculiar Tenderneſs for one of the Three. *St. John* has not scrupled to ſtyle himſelf, *that Diſciple whom Jeſus loved*. He makes his Privilege his higheſt Glory, and ſeems to have us'd it with Freedom enough, when he lean'd on the Boſom of his Divine and Adorable Maſter. View him but in the Pictures of the laſt Supper, and obſerve him negligently reſoſing his Head on a Place, which *Seraphims* approach not, but with Devotion and Trembling.

If then the Author and Finiſher of our Vertue, as well as of our Faith, had his Affections and his Friendſhips, and was not always pleas'd to exerciſe his Command over Nature, a Prince cannot fear to uſe the Permiſſion that is given him, by the Authority of this Example; while, at the ſame time, he learns by the Rules of a far wiſer Philoſophy than that of *Zeno* and *Chryſippus*, that without being
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intemperate, he may shew himself to be not insensible.

'Tis only necessary, that the Motions of his Soul remain just and well regulated: He is to do Good, but he is also to observe a Measure and Proportion in the Good that he does. He should not presently summon to Council, those whom he has found agreeable in Conversation. He should distinguish between Men that are pleasant, and Men that are useful; between the Entertainment of his Humour, and the Necessities of his State. And if he does not, with the nicest Inspection, examine the different Capacity of his Servants, he'll run into such Errors, as his own Age must feel, and Ages to come must condemn.

The Courtiers are the Matter, and the Prince is the Artificer, by whom the Matter may indeed be render'd fairer, but not better than it is. He may beautify it with Shape and Colours, but he cannot enrich it with any intrinsic Goodness; he may make it an Idol and a false God, but he cannot transform it into a true Spirit, or into a Rational Man.

These Idols are to be found even in *Christian* Countries. There have been always Men of undeserved good Fortune; always Apes entertain'd in the Closets of Kings,

Kings, and vested in rich Trappings, and Cloath of Gold. The *Egyptians* set up Beasts in their Temples; and Errors and Vices have been almost universally worshipp'd. What I am going to tell your Highness, I have formerly heard from you, and I think it worthy the Spirit of *M. Antoninus* the *Philosopher*: *There is an Authority which is blind and dumb, which only strikes and dazles; or which is pure Authority, without any Mixture of Vertue or Reason. There are some Great Men, who are only remarkable for being Great, and whose Greatness is all Outside, entirely separate and loosn'd from their Person.*

These Grandees, Sir, put me in Mind of certain unfruitful Mountains that I have formerly seen in my Travels. They produce nor Herb, or Plant; they seem to reach the Heavens, without being any way beneficial to the Earth: Their Barrenness makes us curse their Height. So are the Courtiers of this Order, full as unprofitable, as they are great and lofty. I look upon them as so many vain Monuments of the Power and Magnificence of Kings; and should admire each of them for a *Colossus*, or a *Pyramid*. These are the Burdens of the Earth, and the dead Weight of Kingdoms, that press unwieldily

dily upon every part of the State. These are such Excesses and Superfluities, as take up more Room than all necessary things. I am as yet considering them under their innocent Infirmary, and before they have added the Injustice of their Actions to the Unworthiness of their Persons.

These are the Creatures and fine Works of Fortune, the Sports and Extravagancies of that capricious Goddess, without Eyes, and without Judgment, to which the *Romans* ascrib'd so many Names, and dedicated so many Altars. You have heard, no doubt, of certain Hypochondriac Queens, who have been in Love with a Dwarf or a Negro; nay, have sometimes entertain'd a Passion for a Bull, or an Horse. Fortune is such another unaccountable Princess; and seems to be much of the same Humour. She generally casts away her Affection upon the most unlikely and ill-favour'd. In the Choice of a *Prator*, she preferr'd the Debauchery of *Vatinus*, to the Vertue of *Cato*. To say no worse, she squanders most profusely, and never pays her Debts.

But we speak of a mere Phantom, when we speak of Fortune. The Power of the Stars, and the Necessity of Fate, are still other Phantoms, rais'd by Human

mane Imagination, which I am not dispos'd to pursue. Let us enquire after some more probable Cause of this seemingly causeless Favour, and make a nearer Inspection into the Rise and Birth of this evil Authority.

Shall we say, 'tis a mere Transport of Passion, which sallies without Reason out of the Animal Part, and then fixes upon the first agreeable Object, the first Satisfaction of the Will?

Is it not a Sport and Fancy of supreme Power, an Exercise and Amusement of Royalty, which proposes a Delight in doing strange Feats, in surprizing the World with Prodigies, in changing the Fate of the obscure and miserable, in painting and gilding over the Dirt?

Or, is it not on the contrary, a serious and deliberate Error, a manifest Self-Deception, aided and abetted by the Imposture of outward Appearance, which sometimes may so disguise Men, that they are naked to the Eyes of God alone? 'Tis certain, the Marks they bear are often so dubious, and their whole Semblance so very fallacious, that only he who made them, can understand their Character and Worth.

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Or, may we not affirm, that this strange Effect, which we are now endeavouring to retrieve from the Obscurity of its Cause, is nothing else but a Present made to Princes by *Occasion*, or Opportunity? For 'tis she that commonly recommends to their Service. 'Tis she that obliges them to take what comes to Hand, or what falls under View; their Impatience suffering no Delay, and their Softness utterly refusing the least Pain or Labour, to save themselves the Trouble of Enquiry; and to avoid the Difficulties of Choice, they lay hold upon the first Instruments in their way, and retain by Custom, what they assum'd by Accident.

To conclude; This Favour which climbs so high without any Foundation, is it not rather the genuine Product of Self-love, and of such a Complaisance as no Man ever refuses to his own Opinion? Is it not our Honour, which we think engag'd for the Perfection of our own Work? Is it not the Leaven of that Native Pride, which lies hid in the Soul of Man, and is wont especially to swell the Heart of Princes, to the maintaining of a Fault once committed, and never owning themselves to have been in the wrong?

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What-

Whatsoever this Favour may be, it is not the Offspring of Vertue, not even of Hereditary Honour, and Excellence of Blood: Merit has no Share in its Original; not even the Merit of Extraction and Race. The Freedmen of *Claudius*, the Valets of the younger *Constantine's*, the Governours of *Theodosius's* Sons, the *Eusebius's*, and the *Eutropius's* of old, were by no means lawful Favourites, much less could they be lawful Ministers. I pity the Empire, and am asham'd of the Emperour, when I find both deliver'd up into these servile and mercenary Hands.

'Tis with Horror that I contemplate these vile Spectacles of unfortunate Reigns, these monstrous Productions of evil Times, Times of Darkness and Ignorance, unhappy in Princes, and barren of Men. And is there, think you, any one so devoted to Solitude, so retir'd from Court, and so utterly disengag'd from the Publick, as to behold things in this Confusion, and the World thus turn'd upside down, without Regret? Is there any so dispassionate Philosopher, as will not be somewhat rais'd to see worthless Wretches, and meer Nothings, seizing upon the Administration of mighty States; to see those sit at the Helm, who deserv'd only to be at the Oar? And yet

yet all this has been too often seen. The *Consul's* Chair has been more than once defil'd by infamous Persons ; and he has been intrusted with the Command of an Army, who, in another Reign, would have been hid among the Baggage.

But besides the Names of *Eusebius* and *Eutropius*, the Histories of the Eastern Empire abound with these shameful Examples. They tell us of miserable Eunuchs, who from the Office of combing Women, or of spinning Wooll, have on the sudden been advanc'd to be Presidents of the Council, or Captains General. And later History presents us with Barbers, Taylors, and Valets, transform'd in one Night into High-Chamberlains, Ambassadors, &c. employ'd in the most important Negotiations, and the most illustrious Charges of their Country. So that whatsoever our Courtier may alledge to the contrary, Impudence and Ignorance have often had the joint Management of Humane Things. Tho' he should swear that he has seen Rays about the Face of the Duke de - - - - -, this false Light is only a Swimming in his Head, and an Allusion of his Fancy. Fools have often sat in the Place of Wise Men ; and the Time has been, when they who should pronounce Laws, and deli-

ver Oracles, could neither write nor read.

Not their Gifts of Nature, their Parts or Sense, were the finer and more exquisite, for being thus free from the Burden of improv'd Knowledge. They were as poor in natural, as in acquir'd Goods ; they only abounded in that which is too often the Consequence of any Advantage, whether natural or acquir'd, I mean an high Opinion of themselves, attended with an utter Contempt of others. Tho' we must not hope to understand Business by Revelation from Heaven, tho' we must either learn it by Experience, or anticipate Experience by the Strength and Vigour of Reason, yet these Creatures have imagin'd that bare Title and Authority would supply every Defect ; That immediately upon their Promotion, God Almighty was oblig'd to give them the Spirit of well-governing, and confirm the Prince's Choice, by the sudden Illumination of his Ministers.

But this is not the Method of God's Providence. This is the utmost he was pleas'd to perform for the Ministers of his only Son, of whom we spoke at the Entrance of our Discourse. It was by this he baffled the Pride of vain Philosophy,
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and confounded the Wisdom of the World ; chusing these unlearn'd, uneducated Souls, to be the Confidents of his Secrets, and filling them so very full, (in the Words of an antient Father) because he found them so very empty. He took them from their Cabbins, and from their Shops, to make them Kings and Priests, and to give them for Teachers to the Nations. But the Ignorance of common Men must not presume upon this Divine and Supernatural Light ; nor, instead of the Spirit of Prophecy in the Interpretation of Scripture, and the miraculous Gift of Tongues, expect from Heaven the Knowledge of Things past, the Discovery of Futurities, the unravelling of State-Intrigues, Art and Policy in War, and Dexterity in treating of Peace.

And, accordingly, we find them, for the most part, succeeding very ill in a Profession which they never learn'd, and upon which they unadvisedly thrust themselves, without any Instruction or preparatory Discipline, without any Fund of Experience, without the first Elements of Civil Wisdom. There is need of Application and Skill, to man a Boat, or to drive a Chariot. I have seen Rules and Directions how to discharge the Office of

a Porter, and of a Jailor, two Employments which must be own'd to be of no considerable Difficulty. It is needful then, to learn all Mysteries, to study all Arts, howsoever easy or vulgar: And shall the Art of guiding and directing Mankind need no Instructions? Shall Men govern the World by Chance, and at all Adventures, and commit the Safety of States and Kingdoms to the Hazard of the Dice?

This is most unworthily to sustain the Place of God. 'Tis to act the *Phaeton* in the World, to dispense Light and Heat unequally to the Face of the Earth, and to run the Risque of burning one part, and freezing the other. And yet ignorant Favourites are the Men that every Day venture this Extremity, and are in this perpetual Danger, I mean, in Danger of ruining themselves and their Country, when once the Usage of the Court has a little refined their Ignorance, and when two or three successful Attempts, which are owing to the pure Liberality of Heaven, have puff'd them up with a vain Confidence of themselves, and made them fantasie they *did* the Good which they only receiv'd.

All

All their Actions are from thence-forward absurdly out of Frame, as so many false Measures, taken by a false Rule. Instead of knowing how to stop at the nice Point of Opportunity, so much sought after by all wise Men, and so necessary to be hit, for the Accomplishment of all Affairs, they are ever too soon, or too late, they overshoot the Mark, or they drop short of it. To Day they declare War, out of Choler; and to Morrow they desire Peace, out of Cowardice. They care not the natural Enemies of their Country, and disgust the ancient Allies of the Crown. In *Spain*, they are for Liberty of Conscience; and in *France*, for setting up the Inquisition. The Frontier is naked and disarm'd, and they fortify the Heart of the Kingdom; they propose to raze the Citadel at *Amiens*, and to build one at *Orleans*.

And then, the Choice which they make of other Ministers, seems very worthy of that which has been made of them. For an Ambassador to the Court of *Rome*, they propose one who is a very good General of the Light-Horse, and has signaliz'd himself in several Encounters. To the Care of the Exchequer they recommend some old Prodigal, who in his

Youth shook Hands with his Estate, but now talks admirably well of Frugality. They beg the Office of Chief Justice, for a Person who is indeed of the Long-Robe, but more remarkable for his little Learning, and of the same Form with him that our Fathers laugh'd at in *Paris*. When the Ambassadors of *Poland* made their Compliments to this Gentleman in *Latin*, he very modestly desired their Excuse for not answering the Speech, as having never had the Curiosity to learn the *Polish* Language.

You smile, Sir, and you are doubtless astonish'd at the profound Learning of this Reverend Judge. He made a considerable Number of other——— and they tell some that are not undiverting. It was he that took *Seneca* for a Doctor of the Canon-Law, and said, that in his Book *de Beneficiis*, he had thoroughly handled the Subject of *Benefices*. A Wag of his Time plainly convinced him, that *Morea* was the Country of the *Moors*; and 'tis Matter of Fact, that he look'd a whole Day in the Map for *Democratia* and *Aristocratia*, and was troubled not to find them there as well as *Dalmatia* and *Croatia*.

Learn.

Learning was a valuable Attainment in such Reigns, and the Muses had warm Hopes under the Protection of such able Ministers! But let us set aside the Interest of the Muses, who have the hard Fortune to be poor and despis'd, under all Ministers, and in all Reigns.

You see how very nicely these Steerfmen understand Persons and Business. Having squander'd away the Revenues of the State, in Expences either vitious or ridiculous, to shew themselves good Managers, they let slip an important Opportunity, because they will not give half an hundred Crowns, for the Dispatch of a Courier or Express: They wait for the ordinary Post, and think that Time and Occasion will wait too. Some politic Doctor that has whistled them to his Lure, and put five or six Words of *Tacitus* into their Mouth, to quote an hundred times every Day, and upon every Affair, has, above all things, advis'd them to Secrecy and Dissimulation. When they have been once school'd into this Lesson, they make a Mystery of every thing, and scarce ever express themselves but by winking the Eye, or screwing the Head. At most, they do but whisper softly in your Ear, even when they commend their
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own Master, and assure you, that he is the greatest Prince in the World.

This Religion of Silence has grown upon their Minds into such a Superstition, that they omit to give the necessary Orders to such as should execute them, for fear of discovering what has been resolv'd in Council. They hearken with great Attention to some Chymist, that promises them Mountains of Gold; or receive with open Arms a banish'd Subject, that engages to lead them by an easy way to the Conquest of his Country: and, reposing with the utmost Assurance, upon the Faith of both, they embark in a great Project, or commence a mighty War, of which they are tired, before 'tis two Days old. They commit a thousand the like Absurdities. And if there are no such Examples in our Age, there have been in Ages past: Or, if *France* and *Germany* were never curs'd with these ignorant Pretenders, these ridiculous Almighty-Men, yet the Stars have been less kind to *Spain* and *Italy*.

The Misery of the Times, (for I had rather lay the Fault upon the Time than the Prince) that publick Misery which has caus'd Money to be made of Iron and Copper, and has set a Price upon the vi-
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left of things, is the same that has brought these Wretches into Figure, and introduc'd them to the Cabinet of Princes, whither they draw along with them not only all the Filth of their base Original, but all the vicious Habits, that servile Minds are capable of receiving. For this is a Chapter of their Story, which ought by no means to be left unread: And 'tis very certain, that their Innocence was scarce ever of a longer Date in the Court than the Innocence of the first Man in Paradise.

If they were not born with so very wicked Propensions, they think, that at their first setting out they ought to acquire them; and so they ease themselves of the Burden of Conscience, for the more ready Dispatch of the Affairs of State. Again, they are fully perswaded, that Pride is nothing but what very well becomes their Dignity; that if they should be the same Men they were before, their Condition would not be any way chang'd; and that Courtesy and Condescension would reduce them to the common Level, from which with so much Difficulty they had rais'd their Head. They never dream of the Danger of incurring Hatred by avoiding Contempt.

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They make themselves fear'd, because they have not the Art of making themselves respected and lov'd. They take it for a certain Rule, that they have no other way to efface the Memory of their base Extraction, but by the Rigour and Tyranny of their Government ; nor to hinder the Nation from laughing at their Infirmities, but by keeping it employ'd in lamenting its own Misfortunes, and complaining of their Cruelty.

With these inimitable Maxims, and these Anti-polities, which I have but just broach'd to you, they have govern'd the World. But they have govern'd it after an odd manner ; they have overturn'd what they intended to support, they have loos'd what they endeavour'd to bind ; they have made as many Ruins as they design'd Establishments, and have spoil'd as many things as they have handled. The Fall of Princes, and the Loss of Kingdoms, has been the Success of their Administration. Being invested with the Sovereign Power, (I consider them here again under their innocent Weakness) they have us'd it as Children do Knives, when they cut themselves, and hurt their Nurses, or their Mothers.

Now

Now, if the Rashness of these Pilots has not always been as unfortunate, as it was unskilful ; if they have arriv'd at the Port by steering a quite contrary Course, (for there are, no doubt, such Miracles ; and I have known more than one Person that has sav'd himself by the very Act, which, in Human Probability, must have been his Ruin) we ought not to give too much credit to that blind Felicity which was their Guide. We ought to look upon them as Men transported by the Violence of Imagination, who cross over Rivers in their Sleep, tho' they never learn'd to swim, or run upon Precipices, without making a false step. We may admire them as *divine Beasts*, but we must not imitate them as *rational Men* ; a Distinction that I learn'd from the good *Piccolomini*, when I waited upon him as I pass'd thro' *Siena*, and found him upon that Green Bed which *Thuanus* describes.

If ever you chance to be Favourites, (with his Highness's good Leave, I would address my self to the two young Gentlemen here present) have a Care of such fortunate Examples ; they are as dangerous as they are bright and glaring : They are so many lighted Flambeau's set upon Rocks, to misguide and shipwreck young Pilots. These are ways of Management
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which lead their Imitators to Death and Destruction: which serve only to put a Cheat upon Posterity ; to teach Men the Art of miscarrying in all Enterprizes, and to give Credit and Reputation to Folly.

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DISCOURSE

The Third.

AS those with whom we Yesterday left off, want a due Capacity, and have but a very short and limited Understanding, so there are others, whose Understanding is as much too wide and diffus'd, and who always reason in Excess. I mean those Politic Heads, that commonly look beyond the Mark, that quit the beaten Path to take By-ways; that range and rove to be the sooner at their Journey's End. We'll call them, if you please, Extractors of Essences. They bring all their Counsels to the Alembic, and there subtilize them to nothing, and let the most solid Affairs evaporate in Smoak. We may say, they are State-Heretics, who would attempt the same in Policy, that *Origin* did in Religion. They hunt the Shadows and Semblances of things, instead of fastening upon their Sub-

Substance and Reality. They embrace Probabilities, because they have deck'd and embellish'd them after their Fancy ; but reject Truth, because it has a Foundation in the Nature of Things, and is not the Creature of their own Invention.

These Gentlemen conceive, that the whole World moves by Stratagem, and that the most common Actions are study'd and design'd. Nothing comes before them, but they are for turning it to a Mystical and Allegorical Sense. These subtle Interpreters of other Mens Thoughts, will not be confin'd to the Letter. If two Princes encounter in War with their whole Force, and with all the Power of their States, they do not doubt but these Puissants understand one another ; and that all this is concerted only to amuse their Neighbour-Princes. They advance as pleasant Conjectures upon things, as that which we read to have been pass'd at *Athens*, that the Death of *Philip* was not to be trusted ; and that he had purposely caus'd himself to be kill'd, to ensnare the *Athenians*.

By this one Instance, we learn how far Men may proceed in an evil Subtility, and what is the true Spirit of *Gretian* Refiners,
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or visionary Politicians. But this Spirit has appear'd in all Countries. There have been always Alchymists and Bellows-blowers, whose Trade was to distil Humane things, by giving an unwarrantable Liberty to their Surmises and Mistrust. Ever since *Junius Brutus* counterfeited the Fool, they have a strong Suspicion of all other Fools : They think that every Natural is but a sly Imitator of *Brutus* ; that there's a secret Artifice and Intrigue under this appearing Simplicity ; that those who are ignorant of all things, only dissemble their Knowledge ; and that the Silence of those who cannot speak a Word, is but a Veil and Cover for very dangerous Thoughts.

Such was the Opinion that a *Roman* Prince once had of a certain Half-Wit of his Time, who was the Jest of the Pages, and the Scorn of every Body but his Majesty. History tells us, the Emperor *understood his secret Virtues* ; and neither the universal Contempt of the Court, nor five and twenty Years Impertinence in Deed or Word, before the Face of the whole World, could convince him of his Favourite's Weakness.

From the same Principle of false Subtility, arise all those airy Visions, which our refin'd Courtier thinks so ingenious,

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and which I cannot but think ridiculous ; which our Masters of Policy admire, and which I am such a Plain-Dealer as to despise. And here *Aristippus*, applying himself to the two young Gentlemen in the Company, Can you believe, says he, with these subtle Surmisers, that *Hannibal* would not take *Rome*, for fear he should be no longer useful to *Carthage*, and should be oblig'd to determine the War, which he resolv'd to protract ? Did *Augustus*, in your Opinion, adopt *Tiberius* for his Successor, only to make his own Death lamented, and to purchase Glory from the unequal Comparison ? Or, the Advice found among his Papers, of setting Bounds to the Empire, was it the pure Effect of his Envy to Posterity ? Was he afraid that some one of his Successors should be a greater Lord than himself, and enjoy a more extended Command ? Is it credible, that the same Prince never made Love but upon the Maxims of State, and gallanted the Ladies of *Rome*, only to learn their Husbands Secrets ? Does it seem likely, that his Soul should move only by Rule and Compass ; that all his Actions should be thus strain'd, and all his Vices study'd ?

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In my Judgment, this is to make the World more cunning than we find it. 'Tis to interpret Princes, as some Grammarians explain *Homer* : They gather from him what was never in him, and accuse him of being a Philosopher and a Physician, where he had no deeper Design than to tell a Story, or to make a Song. Let us sometimes be contented with the literal Exposition, and not seek for a Mystery under every Syllable, and at every Point. Let us not be so indulgent to our own Imagination, nor so curious in that of others. We ought not to go thus far in the Quest of Truth, or take every thing so high. We should not impute to past Times, and remote Causes, such Events as happen by Accident, or are produc'd by the slightest Occasions.

The *Stoics*, who maintain'd, ' That not
' one Leaf of a Tree could stir, without
' the particular Order of Providence, and
' that a wise Man ought not to hold up
' his Finger, without the Licence of Phi-
' losophy, do not ascribe a greater Nicety of
Procedure to God, and to him whom they
plac'd next to God, than these Refiners do
to one, who is very often scarce so much
as a moderate Man; one who has but a
fourth part, or but a Moiety, of the rea-
sonable

sonable Creature; and who never in his whole Life aspir'd to the Character of Wisdom, much less of Divinity. There's no way of adjusting their Ideas to our common Apprehension: They cannot stoop to our low Method of thinking. In the Judgments that they pass upon Men, they will not presuppose such a thing as Humane Infirmary, that is, a Principle of Errors and Miscarriages, an Hereditary Distemper of Birth, from which *Alexander* and *Cesar* are not exempt; a Defect which is the Source of so many other Failings in the most accomplish'd Persons, in the Conduct of the wisest among Men, and, if you please, in that of *Solomon* himself.

Great Events are not always the Product of great Causes. The Springs are hid, and the Machines appear; and when we come to discover these hidden Springs, we are astonish'd to find them so small and feeble, and are asham'd of having painted them so big in our Imagination. Jealousy of Love between private Persons, has sometimes kindled a general War. Names given or taken by Chance, the *Green* and the *Red*, in the Exercises of the *Circus*, have form'd Parties and Factions, that tore in Pieces the Empire. The Motto or Figure of a *Device*, the Fashion
of

of a Livery, the Tattle of Servants, a Story told in a Prince's Bed-Chamber, are, to Appearance, nothing; and yet this Nothing may perhaps open the Scene to those Tragedies, in which so much Blood shall be spilt, and so many Heads shall fly. It is but a fleeting Cloud, a dark Spot in a Corner of the Air, which rather vanishes than stays: And yet this light Vapour, this almost imperceptible Cloud, shall raise such fatal Tempests in States and Kingdoms, and shake the very Foundations of the Earth. It has been heretofore believ'd, that 'twas the Honour and Interest of Princes, which set the World in Flames, when 'twas only the Humour or Scuffle of their Pages.

There's no Doubt to be made, but that the King of *Persia* alledg'd very specious Reasons, to justify the carrying of his Arms into *Greece*; and that every Manifesto told Wonders of the Sincerity of his Intentions: He was not at a Loss for Rights and Claims: He did not forget to declare, that the Grand Monarch came only to chase out the petty Tyrants, and to bless the People with a rich and plentiful Liberty, instead of their meagre and barren Servitude. He laid on a great many other false Colours, and perhaps swore that this

Design was immediately inspir'd by the immortal Gods, and that the *San* was the first Author of the Expedition. Yet whatever Memorials he publish'd, and whatever Face of Justice and Religion he gave his Enterprize, the true Cause of his March was neither more nor less than what I am about to tell you.

A Physician of *Greece*, retain'd in the Queen's Service, having a Desire once more to see the Port *Pyraus*, and taste the Figs of *Athens*, put this Whim of a War into the Head of his Mistress, and mov'd her to engage her Husband in the Adventure. So that the King of Kings, the puissant and redoubtable *Xerxes*, rais'd an Army of three hundred thousand Men, cut thro' Mountains, dry'd up Rivers, and overcharg'd the Sea, for no other Purpose, but to convoy a Quack into his Country. Methinks this goodly Person might have made his Voyage with less Expence, and with a narrower Retinue!

But this puts me in Mind of another Adventure, which may be worthy your Notice, and which seems entertaining. It happen'd in the Kingdom of *Macedon*, more than fourscore Years before the Birth of *Philip*, in the time of that famous Conspiracy which rent the State in two, and di-

divided the Court, the Cities, and the private Families.

It was the Wife of *Meleager*, Governor of a Frontier-Town, and General of the Cavalry, that first tempted her Husband to revolt, and you'll say, upon a very important Occasion. The King having heard large Commendations of the Wit and Gallantry of this Dame, had a Frolick one Day to wait upon her in private. It was not difficult for him to obtain a Favour, which she seldom deny'd to less Quality. She was a Lady that had not the Heart to wear out the Constancy of her Lovers, or to kill with Despair. The King meeting, upon the Assignment she made him, and by Misfortune not finding her in any degree to answer the fair Idea he had conceiv'd of her Perfections, could not but express his Disappointment, and retired very soon, with no great Complacence. The Affront was so warmly resented on the Lady's side, and by one that had no disadvantageous Opinion of her own Merit, that she would revenge, at the very minute of parting. And being unable to compass it otherwise, than by corrupting her Husband's Loyalty, and debauching him from the Interest of his Master,

she set upon this Attempt, with all the Charms of her Wit and Face. She made use of every subtle Train and Invention, that an artificial Mind can pass upon a credulous Heart. And we need not doubt, but in her Fury she wish'd her self some thousands of Husbands, to arm so many Enemies against the King, and at the Points of so many Swords, to demand Satisfaction for the fancied Disobligation.

Thus *Meleager* deserted the King's Service, and embark'd in the Cause of the Tyrant, not knowing what was the Spring that moved him, or what the Injury that he reveng'd. He play'd a Part that he did not in the least understand; and while he look'd upon himself as one of the principal Heads of the League, he was indeed but the Bully of his own Wife. And hence we may observe, how very easy it is for us to be mistaken in our Judgment of other Mens Actions; because the Actors themselves were perhaps the first in the Mistake; not being always acquainted with the Reasons of their own Proceeding: They are often but the blind and senseless Instruments of the Design or the Passion of others.

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The wise Heads of *Macedon* vented many Speculations, and advanc'd many plausible Hypotheses, as the Grounds of *Meleager's* Defection. Some affirm'd, that a Rebuke given him by the King in the Presence of the Ambassadors of *Thessaly*, had struck him to the Heart, and that all the Caresses and Graces which he afterwards received, were but slight Plaisters upon this Wound, and that the Remembrance of one Injury render'd him insensible of a thousand Benefits. Others alledg'd the Refusal of an Office, which he would have beg'd for his Son, and which indeed was not bestow'd upon another, but was wholly sunk, that it might not come into his Family. There were not wanting those who justify'd his Change, upon the fine Topic of Love for his Country, and Zeal for the ancient Religion; the Pretences urg'd by the Usurper to countenance his Rebellion against his Prince.

All the Historians exercis'd their Wit and Sagacity upon this Occasion, and all were very ingeniously in the Wrong. They cast about for the Rise and Cause of these Misfortunes; some this way, some that; but all to little Purpose. Not one of them hit upon the Lady's Resentment, which

which was the sole Cause of her Husband's Treason, and which did not come to light till the next Age, long after the Death of the King, the Tyrant, and Me-leager.

The two Incurfions we have made into *Greece* and *Macedon*, were in our way, and I am willing to believe were not disagreeable to your Highness. But this I assure my self, 'tis your Highness's Judgment, as well as mine, that these overcurious Surmises, and notional Schemes, are much better advanc'd in History, than at the Council-Board, and that this perverse Subtlety is less dangerous when we report things already done, than when we deliberate of things to be done: For in the latter Case, to say no worse, this is the sure Method to hinder them from being done at all.

The Gentlemen of *Athens* are too refin'd to impose upon the People of *Thebes*. While the former spread their Nets so high, the latter fly so very low, that they must make an extraordinary Effort e'er they can be taken. Besides, the *Athenian* Wits sometimes exercise their Acuteness only to compliment their own Vanity; and therefore, to their own Deception. From their false Principles they draw none but

but false Conclusions, and seem very little concern'd to negotiate with Success, or bring over their Adversaries, while they keep such a Distance from them by remote Terms, and obscure Overtures, that both sides are so far from concurring in any Resolution, as not to understand one another's Language.

I confess, they are some of the finest Speakers, and accurately skill'd in canvassing and debating an Opinion. But then you are to expect no more: 'Tis that that ingrosses all their Care and Study. They are so elaborate in this part, as if Discourse were the principal End of Deliberation, and more important than Action it self. They had rather shew themselves eloquent to the Ruin of the State, than silently preserve it. They look upon it as a greater Conquest, to over-top the Deputies in Council, than to beat the Enemy in the Field. In so much that they can easily put up the Disgraces of War, hoping to find their Revenge in the next Treaty. And yet in *that* they may meet with some *Iron Man*, incapable of Perswasion, who will cut a-funder what he cannot unty, and by a resolute and obstinate Negative, break all their Snares and Wiles, without gi-

giving himself the Trouble of unravelling them. •

Witness the old Governour of *Figeac*, who assisted at a Conference between Queen *Katherine* of *France*, and the Deputies of the King of *Navar*, and of the *Huguenot* Party. The Queen's Design was, to prevail with them to surrender before the Time appointed, some Cautionary Towns that had been put into their Hands. For this purpose, she had brought with her from *Paris*, a Man that could do Wonders with his Tongue, and whose Rhetorick had hitherto been irresistible. At the Entrance of his Speech he gains the Admiration of the whole Assembly; and in the Sequel of it, he works upon the kindest Passions of the Deputies; first subdues their Understanding, and then attracts and engages their Will. And now the most suspicious among them had forgotten the Massacre, and were dispos'd to quit the Places of Security. They acquiesc'd in the Royal Word and Promise; and the Treaty was upon the Point of concluding, to the full Satisfaction of the Queen; when in a Moment all her Labour was lost, and all the fine Figures of her Orator utterly spoil'd, by the blunt
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Answer of the fore-mention'd Governour.

The Queen directing her self to him, with a triumphant Air, and asking him, rather to crown a thing already done, and to challenge his Applause, than to desire his Opinion, what he thought of the Speech he had heard: *Madam*, says he, (with so strong an Accent, as broke off the half-concluded Treaty) *I think the Gentleman's Speech was well studied; but neither I nor my Brethren are inclin'd to pay for his Study with our Heads.*

And yet this Orator of the Queen, (whom I shall have some other occasion to name to Your Highness) was a very able Minister: He had succeeded most happily in other Negotiations; and tho he reign'd in the Art of speaking, yet he was not like some in our Days, who can do nothing but speak. He made this Art subservient to a better, and did not, like them, prefer the Glory of his own Parts, to the Interest and Honour of his Prince.

Some of our modern Statesmen are indeed rather Declaimers than Ministers. They are not Counsellors, but Sophists. They do not so much regret the ill Success of Affairs, as they are pleas'd with the

the Credit they have won, by haranguing finely upon every Article in Debate, and by gaining the Admiration of the Assembly. Under their Misfortune, they have the immediate Relief and Consolation of their Vanity. 'Tis enough for them to manage the *deliberative Kind*, according to the Rules of *Quintilian*; or to drive a thing thro' all the Field of *Aristotle's* Common-places: This is the Boundary of their Ambition. If they have not sinn'd against Rules of Art, they are easy, and satisfy'd. And in this regard I find them to be much of the Humour of a *Milanese* Physician, that I was formerly acquainted with at *Padua*. This Doctor being contented with the Possession of his Art; and, as he term'd it, with the *Enjoyment of Truth*, never troubled himself to search into the particular Cure of Diseases. One Day he was boasting, that he had kill'd a Man by the fairest *Method* in the World; *è morto* (says he) *cannonicamente, et con tutti gli ordini*.

These nice Managers sow Thorns in the plainest Business, that they may have the Satisfaction of plucking them up. They start a thousand Difficulties in the slightest Occurrences. They propose various Expedients,

dients, but scarce settle in any Resolution. The many Views that offer themselves to them, upon every Subject, depriving them of their Liberty of Choice, and their Plenty making them Poor, they are embarrassed with the Variety of their own Schemes, and commonly prefer the very worst they have advanc'd : Because the worst is the last Effort of their jaded Imagination ; and because, having sought for it beyond the Bounds of natural Sense, which was before drain'd and exhausted, it seems more properly their own, than others that flow from this common Source, or are taken from the Fund of Experience.

And where then is the Excellence of that *Sobriety* of Knowledge and Doctrine, so highly recommended to us by the Holy Scriptures ? Let us confess, to the Shame of Humane Reason, and politic Subtility, that a great Wit, if alone, is a great Instrument of Error and Miscarriage ; and that, unless there be a sufficient Weight of Judgment to poize its Levity, to temper its Edge, to bring it down to common Use, and govern it by Example and Practice, without doubt this acute Sagacity and Penetration, will be much fitter to handle Questions in *Metaphysics*, than to
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advise soberly, to undertake wisely, or to act well. For, after all, Humane Actions will be manag'd in an Humane way, that is, by familiar and probable Means ; in a Method that partakes of the Body, as well as of the Soul, and by such Reasons as sometimes descend into the Sphere of Sense, and do not always reside in the upper Region of the Intellect.

These Refiners upon Policy, who proceed by other Steps, are good to disturb and interrupt Business, but wholly useless in bringing Affairs to a Conclusion. They are excellent *Boutefens* to embroil a State, but very bad Ministers to guide and govern it. They succeed admirably well in raising Commotions ; and, like the *Demons* of the Air, mix themselves with Thunder and Storms. But their Power vanishes in the next clear Sky ; and that Ray which dazzled our Sight, being but a Flash of Lightning, it would be highly dangerous to imitate the same Address amidst all the Variety of Accidents, and all the Turns of Civil Business.

But did they follow a true and constant Light, and were the Sun himself their Guide, they would not even thus be ensur'd in an infallible Course, or necessarily arrive at the Point to which they tend.

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And upon this, Sir, I should have somewhat more to offer, were I not advertiz'd by the Noise of a Coach, and of several Voices abroad, that this is the Hour of Audience, which his Excellency the Duke *d' Espernon* has desir'd of your Highness.

F D I S-

DISCOURSE

The Fourth.

THE *Landgrave* did not fail to order himself to be carry'd the next Morning, at the usual Hour, into the Room appointed for Conversation, where having obligingly acknowledg'd to *Aristippus* the Satisfaction he took in his last Discourse, he desir'd him not to enter upon a new Subject, till he had finish'd what was then upon his Hands. *Aristippus* signified his Obedience, and proceeded to this Purpose.

'Tis not easy to conceive how widely Reason may be mistaken ; I mean the truest and best enlighten'd Reason : Or, what Deceptions Men may put upon themselves ; I would say, the most accomplish'd and most intelligent among Men : What a distance there is between Words and Things, between the Conception and the Birth, between Discourse and Execution.

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In the Conception, and in Discourse, every thing seems to smile and look kindly upon us; to a Mind agreeably employ'd in seeking what it desires, and that fancies it self to have found what it seeks, there is nothing but Complacency and Joy. In this Estate, it receives, as 'twere, the first Pleasures and Charms of Love; it tastes the Sweetness that flows from new Thoughts, and from the Discovery of the Truth, or of something which bids fair for Truth. As long as the Mind only thinks and reasons, so long it embraces its Object with an undisturb'd Possession: It is Mistress of its own Designs and Enterprizes; it diverts it self with the Chace of fine Ideas, which are taken at Pleasure; and meeting neither with Contradiction nor Resistance, it enjoys the Purity of an intellectual Good, such as is not yet alter'd and embas'd by Action.

But this is not All. We must at length quit this enchanted Ground, we must abandon these vast Spaces, and are to pass from the Ideal into the Active World. We must set our Shoulders to the Work; and must enter upon Business after Study. And 'tis then that things change their Face, and assume an Aspect which is not so charmingly agreeable. 'Tis then the Soul

is in Labour, and in the Pangs of Child-bed ; 'tis then that painful Effects succeed to pleasing Designs, and what appear'd so favourable and friendly in the Reflection, revolts and turns quite against us in the Operation. We are no longer as the Merchant in the Port, who trades upon his Map, and promises himself Gain without Danger, a Voyage without a Tempest ; but we are like him that is at his Vows and Prayers in the midst of a Storm, who repents that he left his Home, who throws over his Merchandize into the Sea, and looks keenly after a Plank to save his Life.

The Winds never rise against Words ; and Deliberations never cast Men upon Rocks. The Closet is a Place of Peace and Rest, where we trace out and design what Pieces we most fanſie. But commonly we delight in pointing a remote Object, and a diſtant View. Beſides, there will always be a Difference between the Picture and the Original, however artfully represented. The very firſt Motions of Paſſion, the weak boiling of Choler, the ſlighteſt Tincture of Shame, a little Jeſt or Affront, may ſpoil the whole Reſemblance, and make that appear quite contrary which we took for the ſame

same thing, or at least for the true Portraict and exact Similitude.

Sir, I leave the second part of this Comparison to your better Thoughts, and conclude, that Business has such Niceties of time, such peculiar Turns and Postures, as are not to be seen or observ'd till the actual Commencement and Progress of it; such as break our Measures, and confound all the Draughts we had made in our previous Deliberation. There are certain Motions and certain Minutes, which render us Strangers to our own Knowledge: No Study can prevent them, nor can Discourse abstract and separate them from Action: They are so closely united to the Body of Affairs, as never to be disengag'd; and, on the other Hand, they pass so swiftly and imperceptibly, that 'tis not possible to copy them, for our future Service.

This is what the *Roman* Authors mean, when they tell us, we are to consult with Occasion upon the Spot, in the Face and Presence of Affairs, that a Man ought to advise with his Enemy, and resolve himself upon the Sight of his Mein and Countenance; that a Gladiator should deliberate even in the Amphitheater; and that sometimes good Counsel is to

be suddenly ravish'd, not soberly taken.

Indeed this is especially to be understood of Military Conduct, and the Affairs of War. But what may seem strange, there is a War in the most peaceful Actions, and disarm'd Behaviour. We are one way or the other still engag'd in Combat. Objections, Scruples, and contrary Reasons, do not always attack us openly, and in the Front; they are often upon the Stratagem, and the Surprise.

These Difficulties, which lay conceal'd from our Thought, present themselves unexpected to our View. Time has its Sets and Hindrances to oppose, and Men have theirs. A single Circumstance alters the whole Nature of the most promising Opportunity. When we have concluded this or that must happen, neither this happens, nor that, but some third Event, which disconcerts our best Measures, and puts our wisest Foresight into Confusion.

The Fault is in the Matter, not in the Workman. The Art may be well understood, and the Design well laid, but the Instruments are bad; or the Marble and the Brass are marr'd: Besides, a thousand

I know not what Accidents may arise I know not whence. Misfortunes may be sent from Heaven, or spring up out of the Earth. A Clap of Thunder may ruin the Materials, or a subterraneous Vapour may blow the Work into the Air. And if we will believe an ancient Poet, *Providence sometimes (as it were) sports it self with the Designs of Men, and laughs at their Disappointment.*

Good and evil Policy are equally subject to the Inconveniences of this latter kind; and nothing can hold out against the Force of Heaven. But the Policy of which we are speaking, tho' not blasted from above, yet cannot fail to be unfortunate. It sees the Fall and Ruin of its own Works, in the very Act of building them; or rather, it sees only Schemes and Projections, because it rather designs than builds. It frames to it self Business and Enterprizes, as some Authors have conceiv'd Princes and Common-wealths; such as exist only in Idea, and cannot actually be, but by Miracle. And what indeed are these Enterprizes, and this Business, but great and mighty Dreams, the tickling of the imaginative Faculty, and the vain Amusements of Reason; wondrous Tales, and impossible Histories?

Thus the Theorists in Policy compose Romances, under the Name of Maxims and Counsels ; and advance Propositions much like the Designs of that Artist, so famous in the Story of *Alexander*. You remember, he pronounc'd the *Colossus* too little, and the Pyramids too low : He engag'd for a Statue, that should hold a River in one Hand, and pour a River out of the other.

These Statesmen are guilty of the like magnificent Reveries ; their Thoughts are as vast and irregular. There's no Proportion between the Greatness of their Conceptions, and the Measure of things feasible. No Matter is capable of their Form : Their Pieces cannot be acted, because there's no suiting them to the Theater. They require too many Engines and Machines : All *Europe* does not afford Persons big enough to sustain their Characters : The King of *Persia* is too inconsiderable to be the Hero of their Play, and they wisely make Choice of the Prince of *Mirandola*.

That you may believe me, Sir, to be in earnest, I had the Fortune, when I first travell'd into *Italy*, to meet with one of these Undertakers, who propos'd the Conquest of *Greece*, to a Prince not much
more

more powerful than him, whom I but now mention'd. Your Highness will please to observe by the way, that this Virtuoso's Father was of *Naples*, and his Mother of *Florence*, and that they had taken Care to have him brought up at the Court of *Rome*. You'll say, the Means were very well proportion'd to the End; and a great Enemy rais'd against the great *Turk*. Must not he have been confident of a large Stock of Miracles, to attempt any thing with so despicable a Force?

And yet, to do him Justice, I never knew so warm and fertile an Imagination. No Man's Wit could ever run Divisions with more Agility, could take a greater Compass, or was more difficult to be call'd off from the Chace. But this Fertility and this Compass only supplied Matter to his Extravagance, and gave Scope to the Fondness of his Fancy. The farther his Reasons were push'd, the wider they lay off the Mark.

After a long Conference which I had with him, I found that this great Design, which he called the Cause of God, and the Affair of the Virgin *Mary*, and which he was going to sollicite at the
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Courts of Princes, had no other Foundation, but the Desire of an Intelligence with the *Cossacs*, the Hope of a Revolt in some Place, the Report of a *Greek Hermit*, and the Visions of a Melancholic Person. And, yet, as I said, the Projector was a Man of admirable Wit : It was a Pleasure to hear him discourse ; and take him out of *Greece* and *Constantinople*, he was wise enough upon any other Ground. I have heard him deliver Oracles ; and speak things which I should have thought inspir'd, they seem'd so much above the common Reach of humane Capacity.

His only Fault was, that his Wit had too fine an Edge. He had a great deal of *Mercury*, and scarce any thing to fix it. His very Rest might be said to be in Motion : He gave Dispatches at Dinner ; he slept with his Eyes open ; and I could bring one of his Domesticks, who is still living, and who commonly lay in his Chamber, to assure your Highness, that there stream'd out of his Eyes such glaring Rays as this Servant was often frighted with, and could never use himself rightly to bear.

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To one of so volatile Spirits we should give the same Advice, for his good Government, as was given to this Gentleman for his good Health. We should say to him, if he will give the rest of the World leave to speak, *Thicken your Blood a little; Temper your Fire with Phlegm: Don't put your Reason always upon the full Stretch; Be not all Intelligence, and all Light: Be content sometimes to be thus far like the Beasts, to fasten upon the Objects that are before you; and enjoy to Day, without tormenting Thoughts for to Morrow. Do not resign your self up to this infinite Curiosity and Foresight, which hunts after distant Evils, to the End of the World, and to the last Remains of Humane Race; which launches so deep into the Future, that it neglects the Present, and abandons what is, for the pursuit of what may be.*

Did you never hear of that Philosopher's Soul, which had a Trick of stealing out of his Body, to run Courses, and take Rambles? One Day, this vagrant Soul, returning according to Custom, found the Doors shut, the Body having been assassinated in its Absence. If Greece does not strain a Point, this poor Philosopher
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certainly over-strain'd his Meditation ; and he paid dear for it.

But here's the Moral of the Fable : It tells us, that if we have a mind to live, we must not go out of the Body, nor wholly abstract our selves from Matter. Our Reason must not digress too far from our present Interest, and from the Business before us ; it must not think to run at every thing, and carry all ; nor hope to beat the *Turk* with vain Speeches, or blow up the whole World with one Train of Invention.

Upon some Occasions, let us take a Northern Soul, which has more Earth than Fire, and let us quit this Eastern Genius, the Flame of which is so fine and subtile, as to seem rather Illusion than Reality. Let us mistrust the Eloquence of *Athens*, and the Wisdom of *Florence*, which never advantaged those that practis'd them, and whose Teachers have spoke and writ themselves into Slaves. To go farther, I shall affirm, that what on the other side of the Mountains they call the *French Fury*, has more than once very happily succeeded beyond the same Mountains : I do not say, in the Campaign, and in War ; but I say, at *Rome*, and in the Conclave, which is the great In-

Intrigue of *Rome*, the Field of Policy, and Theater of Prudence.

But to the Astonishment of these subtle Refiners, these Distillers of the Sentences of *Tacitus*, we have one short Rule to oppose to all the Babbling of this insolent Policy, which in despite of Fate, and to the Exclusion of Providence, would affect the Superintendency of Humane things.

Wisdom her self advises us, not always to take her own Advice. She gives us to understand, that she does not intermeddle in the Regulation of Extremities, or the Conduct of Despair. What in some Circumstances she commands, she dispenses with in others. Without violating her Laws, we may cross the Road, when there is Danger on the Right or the Left; or, when Medicines will not operate, we may try if an Excess will cure us. To conclude, she permits us to throw ourselves into the Arms of her Enemy, when she is not strong enough to give us Protection.

Thus may we sometimes be imprudent with the good Leave of Prudence. And to this purpose, it may not be amiss to impart to Your Highness an Adventure

I once had, in treating with a certain French Nobleman, who till that time had been exceedingly fortunate, and yet then appear'd very unwilling to determine an Affair in which 'twas necessary to venture somewhat. Being press'd to conclude and resolve, *Yes, (says he) but if I do, I shall give much to Fortune.* I could not forbear replying, *Sir, You owe as much to Fortune; you have receiv'd as much from her upon other Occasions; and therefore this will not be to give her much, but to pay her a little.*

And indeed, as Fortune generally goes in the Track she has once taken, and will not lose her first Benefits, so she requires, that those who are distinguish'd in her Favour, should trust and confide in her Assistance. She expects they should advance somewhat upon her Credit, and not ask a Reason of all her Proceedings. We are not always to walk by exact Method and Rule: We must be bold, if we would be happy. But they who have been the Subject of this Day's Conference, are not the Men that want Boldness. We shall consider these wise Cowards in our next Discourse, when I hope to give you their Picture,
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as far as I can recover it. This is your Highness's Pleasure, in laying an absolute Command upon me, to remember all that I should have been willing to forget.

DIS-

DISCOURSE

The Fifth.

THE Court has been govern'd by another sort of Persons, and such as we are not Strangers to at this Day. With the Vulgar they pass for wise Men ; and indeed they want neither Sense nor Experience. They understand the Nature of Affairs, and the Possibilities of Things ; but commonly their Knowledge lies dormant in their Head, and produces nothing but a vain and idle Speculation. It is fruitful only in barren Thoughts : It is a Virtue which terminates in it self ; it is a Power never reduc'd into Act. Whether it be, that they don't find their Resolution strong enough, to pursue the Good which they have discover'd, having good Eyes, but a bad Heart ; or, whether their Advantages being more ensur'd upon the present Scene, they prefer this Certainty to

to a future and absent Expectation.

However it happens, they counsel themselves rather than their Prince. They satisfy their own Designs, and not his Demands: And if they fear the Rigor of the Season, and the Inconveniences of the Road, they are sure not to propose to him a Winter-Journey, or to persuade him to pass the *Alps*, when their Business lies at *Paris*. Their Advices always proceed from the inferior Part, and are all earthly and material: Their Interest carries them below their Honour, or their Reason. Not finding their Soul capable of a nobler Temptation, than that of Gain, they judge and determine with the same Meanness, and by the same Rule, as a Farmer of the Customs, or a Receiver of the Taxes would do, if he had their Place at the Board. Let the Vessel that carries them, sink outright, and let the Publick be undone by the Loss, they can easily comfort themselves under the Shipwreck of the State, if they have but a little Skiff in readiness to wait them to Shore, and to land their Family in Safety. We shall be much deceiv'd, if we take them for such violent Zealots, as desire to be *Anathema's* for their Brethren, and intreat that they themselves

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may be blotted out of the Book of Life, and the Nation pardon'd and sav'd.

And yet we cannot absolutely affirm, that they have an evil Design upon the State, or in earnest desire its Ruin. They only reserve their tenderest Affections for themselves ; with a Salvo to their own Interest, they are very heartily concern'd for their Master's. But the Misfortune is, that they can no more renounce their own Interest than their own Persons; they find themselves in every Object, and at every View. Their private Advantage presents it self as constantly to their Eye, as the Figure of that melancholic Mad-man, who fancied himself to be continually haunted by his own Ghost. They cannot separate and disengage themselves from the Affairs in hand, so as to consider them with any Freedom of Judgment. They cannot produce their Reason in its native Simplicity and Purity, or without mingling with it an Alay of Passion. Infomuch, that if they happen to detect a Conspiracy, which is forming in the State, they decline to oppose it, for fear of offending the Conspirators, and of leaving so powerful a Faction against their Children after them. They have not the Courage to utter a bold Truth, to the endangering, in any
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degree, their own Fortune, tho' of high Importance to their Master's Service.

A weak and miserable Wisdom this, which they establish for their Guide! They don't seem to have consider'd, that a Scout who gives Intelligence to the Enemy, is not more pernicious, than a Sentinel who lets them pass without a Word; and that they are equally the Causes of the Prince's Misfortune by their Silence, as others by their Treason. They do not observe, that while they leave him under a Danger, from which they might have rescued him, they contribute no less to his Ruin, than those who drive and precipitate him into it. They do not see that Weakness may produce all the Effects of Unfaithfulness.

And now, Sir, is it not of these Men that the Spirit of God is to be understood, in the XXIst Chapter of the *Revelation*, where we find the *Fearfull* rank'd among the Sorcerers and Murderers, and other execrable Wretches, condemn'd to the *second Death*, to the *Lake which burneth with Fire and Brimstone*?

I am far from presuming to know the full Intention of the Holy Spirit, nor dare I affirm, that the Men of whom we speak are included under so dreadful a Sen-

tence. But this I know, that they are the last and worst of Cowards; and that 'tis not half so dishonourable to fly in Battle, as to be timorous at the Council-Board. For whosoever falls into this Misfortune of War, may excuse himself either by the Disadvantage of the Place, or the Number of the Enemy, or the Fault of his own Men: And, as the Sun, the Wind, and the Dust, claim a Share in the Glory of the Victor, so they stand partly chargeable with the Disgrace of the Vanquish'd. Or, at the worst, he may come off, by transferring the Crime to Fortune, which in all Ages has been esteem'd the Mistress of Events, and the Sovereign Umpire of the Field.

The Case is not the same in political Assemblies, where the blind Goddess has no Place, or Power; where the Mind acts freely, and without Constraint; where Prudence exerts its Operations in quiet, and meets with none of those Impediments that obstruct the Progress of Valour. And therefore all the Apologies of Soldiers and Generals, are utterly void in respect of Counsellors and Ministers: A wise Man cannot indeed warrant the Success of things, but he is to answer for his Measures and his Intentions.

So

So that there's no Degree of Cowardice so base, as that which begins at the Chamber ; and which does not stay for the Presence, or the very Approach of Dangers, but dreads the least Thought of them, and trembles to hear them mention'd at a Distance. It must indeed arise from the utter Defeasance of our native Liberty, and the last Corruption of that Sense of Honour, and Principle of Generosity, which is implanted in every Breast ; because it hinders Men from giving Consent and Approbation to the Truth, and renders them, under this Estate, unable to bear the very Proposal of a difficult Good. Nay, we cannot obtain so much from them, as to set a good Face upon the Matter, while they are yet in Peace and Security ; to declare for their Country's Cause, out of the Reach of Danger ; to maintain its Rights in Company and Conversation, or lend it the cheap Assistance of their Tongue. Strange ! that they should rather accept of Servitude under the Title of Peace, than agree to a Defence which is to be made by the Arms, and with the Blood of other Men.

Some again there are, who defer all their Surprize and Concern, 'till the actual Arrival of Misfortunes : They have an

obstinate Spirit, tho' a timorous Heart. These Men talk high, while there's Time and Space between them and Danger. *Cicero* was courageous, according to this Notion of Courage: He drop'd no Word, but what well became the Majesty of the Commonwealth: He was at least valiant in the Senate house; and, if I mistake not, he declares in one of his Epistles, that if he had been summon'd on the fatal *Ides of March*, he would not have lost his Share in the Action of the Day.

Such a Patriot is very unfit to engage in close Combat: He does not find himself inclinable to stand Musket-shot in his Doublet. He is more solicitous than others to preserve his Life, because he knows 'tis worth more than theirs; and thinks it but reasonable, to fear the Loss of so precious a Possession. 'Tis true, he fears Death; or, more properly, Nature fears it in him; but he fears not Hatred or Envy: He despises alike the Menaces of the Great, and the Murmurs of the People. If his Arm is not strong enough to abolish the Tyranny, he employs his Voice and Breath in exciting others to the Recovery of their Freedom. He is at least the Trumpeter of the War; and tho' he cannot resist the Evil, yet he contradicts it.

it. He bids Defiance to all the Enemies of the State. Disgrace and Poverty give him no Uneasiness, when suffer'd in a good Cause; and while Death it self does not surprize him, but allows him Space for Thought, he receives it like a Man, and makes a Vertue of Necessity. By long Study, and serious Meditation, he fortifies himself with an acquir'd Courage, no less firm and lasting, than that which is natural.

But the Sages, whose Portraict we are now attempting, never arise to this Perfection. They fanſie ſo many other Extremities, on this ſide Death, that they encounter ſome one every Day, which ſtops them at the firſt Step they make towards Vertue and Happineſs. They deſpair upon Occaſions, which ſcarce deſerve their Fear. They have always *very great Motives, very ſtrong Conſiderations, very important Reaſons*, not to perform their Duty. As there's no Maxim in Politics, which is not confronted by other Maxims, alike certain or probable, and as the Future is ſtill capable of bearing as many Forms and Viſages, as our Imagination pleaſes to give it, they never view it but on the diſcouraging Side, and by Reaſon defend themſelves againſt Reaſon.

They are sure to remember, that Humane Actions are expos'd to a thousand Inconveniences ; but are as sure to forget, that all the Evil which might have happen'd, does not actually happen ; whether God is pleas'd to divert it from us by his Grace and Providence, or whether we avoid it by our own Skill and Address ; or whether the Imprudence of the Man that gives the Blow, does not at the same time break its Force, it being certain, that we often fall into those Dangers by our own Fault, from which we are retriev'd by the Fault of our Enemies. But taking things ever at the worst, and supposing for certain all the Accidents that are doubtful, they so square their Conduct, as if all must necessarily happen ; and, for the most part, by affecting to act with over-much Caution, lose the Opportunities of Action.

At least, they seldom drive things home, or push an Affair to its last Point. They are satisfied with a Mediocrity of Success, and with the slight Beginnings of good Fortune, of which they dare not promise themselves the Continuance and Accomplishment in the smallest Instance. So that by their cold and sluggish Wisdom, they may postpone their Misery, but they cannot

Not prevent it : They prop up the Ruins which they are unable to rebuild : They gain a little time, a few Days or Weeks, and keep things in their Hands, till Men of better Resolution than themselves shall effectually manage and pursue them.

'Tis *Aristotle's* Remark, that as the Brightness and Vivacity of *Alcibiades* turn'd to Extravagance in his Children, so the Gravity of *Phocion* became Dulness among the next Descendants of his Race. But here we may improve upon *Aristotle*, and affirm, that the Wisdom of these Ministers does not require so much time to degenerate into Weakness, Languor and Cowardice. E'er they transmit it impair'd and vitiated to their Posterity, it corrupts in coming out of their Souls, and before it can be apply'd to Action. It appears weak and feeble in their Motions, and their Counsels, which we cannot call wise, without an Impropriety of Speech, without an Injury to the Name, and an Affront to the Character of Wisdom.

What an unaccountable Error this, to imagine that Wisdom can never comport with Courage, but must tremble under panic Apprehensions, and be in a per-

perpetual Fright? These modern Sages are not unacquainted with the Sages of Antiquity; they have read *Aristotle* as well as we; but they have not made their Advantage of that Oracular Saying recorded by *Aristotle*, that a Man should call Danger to his Relief in Danger, and save himself from one Evil by another.

How deplorable soever the State of things may be, they cannot enter upon new Measures: They had rather suffer a Change than make it; rather expect than anticipate. Instead of obeying the Oracle but now recited, in venturing the second Danger, they rather accustom and inure themselves to the first. Instead of making an Effort, to recover themselves out of a false Step they have taken, they stick where they are, and compose themselves to as easy a Posture as may be. They can dispense with Misfortune, while it does not attack them on all sides, and so long as they can ward off the last Extremity. They are satisfied if they may but obtain a Reprieve from Death, and enjoy some small Interval of an evil Life. They are much of a Mind with the Spanish Poet, who said, *A Quartan Ague was a good thing, because by it a Man was sure of living another Year, or at least six Months, or however of not dying suddenly.* Their

Their whole Aim and Prospect, is not to reign, to conquer, or to triumph; 'tis barely to live, and to live after a very strange Manner. 'Tis to linger from Morning to Noon, and then dream on 'till the next Day. Their Government is neither Peace, nor War, nor Truce; 'tis an idle Rest, a stupid Drowsiness of the People, which they have procur'd by Art, and which therefore cannot be good or natural. They know not how to cure, they can only paint over the Patient's Face, and give him the Colour of Health. They pretend to appease a Rebellion, by flattering and caressing it: They satiate it with Civilities and Kindnesses, and by this means render it the stronger, not the better; they augment its Forces without lessening its Malice. They may possibly bring off some Men that are to be bought and sold, and some Advantages not worth the taking; but they don't consider, that this is only to prune and cultivate the public Disorder, thus lightly to touch its Branches and Suckers, and not to put the Knife to the Trunk, and to the Root.

The Sum of their Experience is but an History of those Misfortunes which have happen'd to the daring and enterprizing.
What.

Whatsoever is not easy, they term impossible; and, as their Fear magnifies and multiplies Objects almost to Infinity, if three Male-contents retire from Court with their Train, they fanſie an Army of Enemies in the Field, that carry City and Country before them without Reſiſtance. After which they never put themſelves into a Condition of chaſtizing them, but endeavour to ſweeten and melt them down; and inſtead of paying them a Viſit with Troops and Artillery, they ſend Gentlemen of the long Robe, to offer them large Terms and Conceſſions, and promiſe them much more than they could have hop'd to gain by Victory.

Thus they oblige the Prince to deſcend from his Throne, and treat with his own Subjects. They degrade the Sovereign into a private Perſon, and the Law-giver into an Advocate. By this Breach upon the Prerogative, they remove all the Barriers and Partitions of Government, and change Dominion into a levelling Equality. The Guilty mount the Seat of Juſtice, and conſult with the Judge about their own Crime: They name the Place of Parley and Conference, which is accepted: They deſire thoſe Commiſſioners, in whom they reſoſe the greateſt Confidence, and they have

have those whom they desire. And when the Treaty commences, not a Word is spoken of Pardon or Grace, these Terms would be of the ruder sort, harsh and ungrateful to their Ear: But the injur'd Master declares, that all has been done for his Service, and returns solemn Thanks to those perfidious Men, for the Abuses he has receiv'd at their Hands.

To be brief, the sole Aim of these Politicians being to separate the Faction, and disband the Company, they grant them more than they demand. They are prodigal of the public Faith, and most unthrifty Managers of the Royal Word. And thus they lead the Prince to the Brink of two equally dangerous Extremes: For whether he resolves to keep his Word to the Ruin of his Affairs, or to compose his Affairs, by violating his Word, he is reduc'd to the miserable Choice, of either hazarding his State to retain his Integrity; or of forfeiting his Honour, to preserve his Royalty.

But if before all this, and while things are yet safe, he is inclin'd to take a generous Resolution, worthy of himself; if he no longer suffers his Bounty to be a Rent-charge, and a certain Revenue to the Rebels; if he is weary at length of
ex-

exhausting his Treasury, to subsist the Army of his Enemies, and of paying every Day for that which he is never like to have ; it is then these able Counsellors, with a set Mien and Grimace, represent to him, that he should be careful not to exasperate Affairs ; that wise Men are wont to yield to the Necessities of State, as the Gods to Fate and Destiny ; that the Princes his Predecessors never durst stir this Stone ; that 'twould be Presumption in him to seem wiser and greater than his Fathers ; that War is but an unlikely Instrument of healing and composing a Nation ; that to cut and mangle a Body, in order to the restoring it to Health and Youth, is the Experiment of a Magician ; and that to purge the House by setting it on Fire, is the Advice of an Enemy, and the Resolution of a Mad-man.

But this is not all ; they descant upon the copious Common Place, the Praises of Peace and Quiet. They employ all the Art of the Rhetoricians, to exaggerate the Miseries of War. They don't forget the Profanation of Temples, the Violation of Laws, divine and humane ; under these specious Terms to infuse their own Cowardice into their Prince's Breast, and recommend to him as the Result of Reason, what they will

will not confess to be the Effect of Fear. Thus, while they attend the Person of the King, they maintain themselves between him and the Rebels, by the common Necessity that both sides have of their Mediation; to drive on this infamous Commerce, and to keep up two Parties in a State, not permitting one to ruin and devour the other.

Upon the same Principle, they are usually very good Friends to foreign Powers. 'Tis in vain to deny it; they are much more afraid of displeasing the King their Neighbour, than of dis-serving the King their Master. Infomuch, that during the Course of their Ministry, there must be no Overtures made of protecting the Weak against the Violence of the Strong, of reviving Claims and Pretensions that have been slept over; of attempting any thing out of the Kingdom, whatever Encouragement may be given by the Justice, the Decency, or Facility of such an Enterprize. They rail at the Memory of *Charles VIII.* and curse the Expeditions of *Italy*: Nay, they ridicule those of the *Holy Land*, and affront the Piety of past Ages, not fearing to say, of these latter Adventures, after a very impious Author, that they were *Epidemical Distempers,*

pers, the raging Fevers of the Times ; Heat of Youth in our Kings, and Heat of Liver in their Counsellors. One of the Tribe would needs maintain to me, that there was never such a Person as Alexander the Great, that his Story was all Romance, and that of Amadis de Gaul not a more improbable Fiction.

But if the Softness of their Counsels does not always prevail over the Courage and good Inclinations of their Master ; if some broad and notorious Injury, which cannot be dissembled, obliges the State to a publick Resentment, then not daring to blame the thing in its Cause and Principle, they load it as much as possible in its Issue and Effects. And, as if the Victory was not worth the Charges of the War, upon the taking a Town from the Enemy, to gain in this manner, they say, *is but an honourable way of losing. So many Lives sacrificed to the Vanity of a single Person (perhaps a Prince of the Blood, or a Son of France) so many Millions carried out of the Nation, to win a Place not worth the keeping. The bare Expence of the Artillery will ruin us, if we make a second Conquest.*

Such Ministers as these lamented at Carthage the Victories of Hannibal in Italy.
When

When the News was brought of the famous Defeat, and whole Bushels of Rings pour'd out, taken from the *Roman* Knights that had been slain in the Battle, *Let him keep, say they, his Iron-Rings, and Paper-Trophies, and let him send us back our Men and our Money: Never were the Affairs of the Common-wealth more flourishing, and never more desperate; never had it greater Reputation abroad, or greater Misery at home.*

Such Ministers were the Cause of the Fall of the *Eastern* and *Western* Empire, and lost *Rome* and *Constantinople* by their mean-spirited Politics. They open'd a Door to the Swarms of the barbarous Nations: They dishonourably bought their Peace of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and other People of the *North*; as all Evil comes out of that Quarter. They had no Sense of this Disgrace of the Empire, and this Infamy of the *Roman* Name, provided they could by the Sweetness of the Word, correct the Bitterness of the Thing; and if while they paid a Tribute to their Enemies, they might be permitted to say, they gave a Pension to their Allies, they were not uneasy about the Fortune of future Times, nor cared what became of Posterity, if they could but extend their own Lives to the Period of the State which they directed.

H

Yet

Yet let us favour them once more, and not arraign them of Treason. I am persuaded, they would not sell and deliver their Master; but they are content the World should know 'tis in their Power to do it. In some Emergencies they make no scruple to set a Price upon him, they suffer him to be truck'd for among their vendible Goods; and can spare the Merchants some Patterns, tho they will not part with the whole Piece. 'Tis one of their current Maxims, *That a Prince may sometimes be deceived for his own Good*; and when they hold Intelligence with the Ministers of other Princes, they call this *labouring for the general Good of Christendom, and endeavouring to keep Peace among the Crowns.*

Was it not firmly believ'd in the last Age, that *Barbarossa*, and *Andreas Doria*, understood one another. And yet none could say, but that the first was a good Servant to *Soliman*, and the other to *Charles*. But they had need of each other's Assistance, to keep their Places, and make their Services valued by their Masters. The *Turk* commended the *Christian*, and spoke of him as the only Man that gave him any Uneasiness. The *Christian* was no less civil, but mention'd
the

the *Turk's* Name, in Words as advantageous and obliging. Upon which Occasion, there was a pleasant Saying of an *Algerine Slave* to the Vice-roy of *Sicily*, That a *Raven* never peck'd out the Eyes of another *Raven*; and that if *Doria* should be ruin'd, *Barbarossa* would have little Credit at the Port of the *Grand Signior*; as on the other Hand, *Doria* would sink more than one Step lower in the *Emperour's* Court, by the Ruin of *Barbarossa*.

By this Exchange of good Offices, they contrived to protract the War, which was their Business and Trade. And if ambitious Men, whose Hearts are inspired with Glory, have yet been capable of driving this Traffic, I leave you to judge, whether Men whose Hearts are entirely bent upon Interest, and who know no Honour or Honesty besides Profit, would not be very desirous to keep up their Authority by the like Commerce. Would they not, think you, be glad to make themselves necessary, for fear of being discarded as useless? Would they not practise the same Art in Peace, which must bring them a never-failing and a Golden Harvest, as these Generals practise'd in War, the Culture of which is so uncertain, and the Fruits so harsh and unpalatable?

Such is the Conduct of these our wise Men, in the Administration of the State, and the high Region of the Court. But when they descend to a lower Sphere, and to the Discharge of more easy Duties, we don't find, that they acquit themselves e'er the better in their Personal Capacity. The Business of private Men that passes thro' their Hands, runs in the same Train with that of the Publick. Upon a safe and commodious Occasion, where they might shew their Courage at an easy rate, they cannot help betraying their natural Impotence. They are unwilling to lose the Friendship of those whom they have robb'd of their Estates, and they offend the very Men whom they fear. They transact with the World in general Answers, such as don't bind precisely to any Performance. No Man goes wholly dissatisfy'd from their Presence. They don't insult or dishearten any Petitioner; and yet they part with nothing, but fine Words and fair Hopes.

If a Man applies to them for Justice, they put him off with Civilities and Compliments: They present Roses and Violets to those that are starving for Want of Bread. After they have gain'd a whole Year, by promising you from Day to Day, when

when at length you beg and press them to dispatch your Affair, they desire to know what it is, and as often as you speak with them, in effect, let you understand that they never design to hear you.

A Seeker at the Court of *Rome*, who had met with this kind of Treatment, and was forc'd to return as he came, passing out of *Bologna*, where the Court then was, stopp'd at the Gallows, and looking wishfully upon a poor Criminal, just before executed, cried out aloud, *How happy, Friend, do I think thee, that thou hast nothing to do at the Place which I came from!* You see to what Objects Men of Business, under this Management, are obliged to carry their Envy, and whether 'tis they repair to seek Felicity. And indeed, Death for Death, and Hangman for Hangman, give me a speedy Death, and an Hangman of Dispatch.

Thus they wear out the Patience, and revenge the Importunity of Petitioners, and never put themselves in a Passion, to throw Supplicants into Despair. In which regard their Proceeding seems very peculiar, and worth our Reflection. Nothing can be sweeter or softer than their Malice. Their Poison has as much Su-

gar as Arsenic in the Composition : And the Equality of their Temper may be well resembl'd to the Stillness of that River, in which the lightest Bodies sink to the Bottom, without any apparent Cloud, or any Breath of Wind to bear them down.

A Man of this Spirit is an excellent Artist in Calumny : He never wants Plaister, or Colours, to lay on : He has an admirable Skill at preparing and polishing an ill Office. He blames and condemns in the Language of Panegyric, not of Satyr. When in Appearance he is giving Testimony to great Merit, in Reality he is only infusing Jealousies, and scattering Suspicions of a great Reputation. You'd say he lamented those whom he accus'd, and much pitied those whom he ruin'd. Rhetoric may teach to abuse grossly, and defame with open Scandal. But he has a more refined way of doing the same Execution. This is call'd, to strike without lifting up the Arm, to wound without drawing Blood, or without any visible Marks of Violence. He puts on the Disguise of a Friend, to hate and persecute with more Security, and that he may be thought charitable in the very Moment of his being an Assassin,
he

he murders no Man till he has first made his Funeral-Oration.

The Eyes of all Men (’tis thus he insinuates to the Prince) are upon him. The Soldiers style him their Father, the People adore him as their common Patron and Intercessor with Your Majesty. That he does not mis-employ this universal Favour, and after he has stollen so many Hearts, does not form a Party that shall bear his Name, is purely owing to himself. I believe, after all, that his Intentions are good, and that he will enterprize nothing in Violation of his Duty. It is true, the Poets and Astrologers have promis’d him a Kingdom. But, besides that neither of those Tribes are very good at performing their Promises, perhaps ’tis some Kingdom beyond Sea; perhaps he must go to the other side of the Globe, to discover and to conquer it. His Ambition will be wiser and more moderate than that of others, when transported with the same Passion. It may be, Sir, his Designs and Measures will always preserve a Regard to the Laws of his Country, and to the Crown upon his Master’s Head.

By these pompous Excuses, and this apparent Sweetness, mingled with so bitter Detraction, the Prince’s Jealousy takes Fire, and his Resentment begins to rise

in Proportion to his Esteem. And yet this is but the first Essay ; the Work is happily begun, but our Artist cannot leave it imperfect, and therefore proceeds in this manner: *Whatever the World may please to say, and whatever Crime may be alledg'd, I dare not entertain one Thought of condemning a Man, who has perform'd so eminent Services. In this Case, Philip, or Alexander, ought to consult with himself, and with the immortal Gods : He should consider, whether there be more Damage in losing a Servant of this unparallel'd Merit, or more Danger in keeping him. You cannot lose him, Sir, without a manifest Detriment to your State : You cannot keep him without the evident Hazard of your Person. Be pleas'd, Sir, to reflect, which is the nearest to you, your Person, or your State? Think, whether it be better always to suspect and distrust this great Person, or to make sure of him by the only means that are in your Power. Is it possible, Sir, a Prince should be safe, while he has a Subject that is able to corrupt the Senate, to decoy the Army, and to command a general Revolt?*

And thus, without any violent Exaggerations, or strain'd Figures, he gains upon a timorous Soul, and turns Fear into Cruelty. Thus Malice can look agreeably,

greeably, and Murther it self appear obliging and complaisant. By this imposition'd Panegyric, and these Praises a thousand times worse than dry Slander, he strongly advises the Party's Death, by saying that he can't advise it. He shifts off the Odium of the Murther, by his Address and Stratagem in making the Proposal. He lays home the Charge against his Enemy, and yet avoids the Name of an Informer, or Accuser. Nay, when he has finish'd his Ruin, he still dissembles his own Hatred, and while he is giving him the last Blow, commiserates and mourns his Fall.

But when all this is done, he is so much afraid his Rival should keep his Head, and the Faction grow stronger, that after he has work'd up his *Philip* or *Alexander*, to those violent Resolutions, he has another Game to play on the other side. He applies to him whom he has sworn to destroy, and tells him, as a Friend, " How much he is
 " concern'd, that he can do him no
 " more Service at Court, nor skreen
 " him from that Multitude of secret
 " Enemies, who are always contriving
 " his Disgrace. That, as for his own
 " Part, he can say nothing to the pre-
 " sent,

" sent, and dares not guess at the fu-
 " ture State of Things, finding the Prince
 " under so strange Dispositions, and so
 " far departed from the first Sweetness
 " of his Nature. That he envies the
 " Happiness of those who are retired
 " from Business, and have left a Court,
 " where honest Men are out of Play,
 " and have nothing to do, but to be
 " Witnesses of the ill Designs and Pra-
 " ctices of the Wicked. That he is
 " himself upon the point of taking
 " Leave, and desiring his Discharge,
 " that he may not seem to authorize
 " by his Presence, what he cannot hin-
 " der by his Counsels, and that not
 " his very Eyes or Ears may have any
 " Part in the Work that is now upon the
 " Anvil.

This is a short View of the grand
 Art of Juggling, as practis'd in Courts.
 And this is what (after *Tacitus*) the
 Author of the MS. History, which we
 have seen, intends by his *pessimum ini-*
micorum genus laudantes. 'Tis an Expo-
 sition or Paraphrase upon a Place in
Ammianus Marcellinus, where he speaks
 of the Court of *Constantine*: And, if
 you please, it shall likewise serve for a
 Comment upon these two Verses of
Tas-

Tasso's *Jerusalem*, which Henry IV. so much admir'd, and thought them so just a Character of *Monsieur*——

*Grand fabbrò di calunnie, adorne in modi
Novi, che sono accuse, et paion lodi.*

The Country that gave Birth to these Verses, is most fruitful in these Politic Hypocrites: And particularly, I cannot forget one of the chief Ministers of the first Court in *Christendom*, who was a perfect Master of this Art. When he had done any Man a shrewd Turn, he was sure to cry out at a Distance the next time he came in sight, *L'ho servita Signor*. And by these Rules of Fallacy he has many Years govern'd the World. He has liv'd to extreme old Age, by never giving, and never refusing; by never saying, Yes or No, by receiving all Parties with the like Serenity of Countenance. Whenever this *Roman*, so unworthy of Old Rome, so distant from the Candor and Integrity of the *Curii*, and *Fabricii*, shall be pleas'd to leave the Stage, his true Epitaph will be, *Here lye threescore Tears and ten: Or, Here ends the Comedy, and the Actor.*

'Tis

'Tis granted, we find by some Examples upon Record, that Men have liv'd happily enough under these soft and languishing Governments, and that they have not always been fatal to the State. But then in History, we ought to consider, whether the Administration we thus commend, was not the Issue and Sequel of a better Reign; the Heat of a Fire which is extinct, the Motion of a Spring which has now ceas'd. We should consider, whether in this Case, the Virtues of the Fathers does not support the Infirmities of the Children; and the good Husbandry of the former, maintain the Profuseness of the latter. For indeed, when things have been long carried in a just and regular Train, they go, as it were, of themselves; and the Policy of a Nation cannot so soon be perverted, while it yet feels the Impression that some great and wise Prince has left upon it. Besides, 'tis natural for the Things of the World to require Time and Labour, in passing from one State to another. Inasmuch, that if ever any Kingdom retain'd its Strength and Vigor, under these weak and feeble, and ill-assured Directors, it owes its Repose to those good and solid Foundations

ons which have been long since laid, tho'
Men have now built upon them Earth or
Stubble: They are not the hopeful Bud-
dings of the present Management, but
the happy Fruits of the last.

DIS-

DISCOURSE

The Sixth.

Opposite to this scrupulous and ever distrustful Wisdom, is a certain brutal Virtue, if we may have leave to use the Expression. Would we fix its Character, and state its Definition, what should we term it, but a passionate, ungovern'd, impetuous Honesty, which follows the Transport of Nature, more than the Discipline of Reason, and has more Heat of Courage, than Prudence of Art and Address.

It passes at first View for Resolution, but 'tis pure Obstinacy; we fancy it to be Strength, when 'tis Violence; in which the Mind fixes it self, and that it may be firm and constant, becomes stiff and immoveable. But a wise Man is to know how to turn and bend his Spirit, according to the Variety of Occasions, and the Exigence of Subjects. Unless he brings
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it to be thus supple and pliable, and fit to receive different Forms, in so changeable a World, the Use of it, which ought to be unlimited and universal, will be bounded at the very Entrance of the Lifts: It will stop at those Expedients which it ought readily to embrace; it will extend its Sphere to a very small Number of Incidents and Occasions; and these happening but rarely: Whereas a public Minister is to act every Day, 'tis impossible he should make one Drug perform all Operations, or cool things with the Fire at which he heated them.

I confess, these Gentlemen have a stout Heart, and perhaps very honourable Intentions: But then they have no Skill, no Method, to set off these Advantages. They seem to be made all of one Piece, and without Joints. And therefore, if they are to go through a difficult Passage, rather than bow their Head, they'll raise the Roof. Time, and Men, and Business, must be all brought to comport with their Measures. Thus while they resolve never to come into another Man's Opinion, never to change their Ground, nor ever to know any other Reason but their own, they cannot be very well qualified for the Direction of States, in which
new

new Emergencies must produce new Counsels, and where 'tis possible the Pilot may learn something from the Passengers.

What an unhappy Stedfastness this, always to go straight forward, not to step out of the way when there's a Precipice before them, to cross over Rocks, for the Satisfaction of never turning to the Right or Left ; or to reject a good Motion, because not of their own proposing ? And how often do the Men of this Character, who are rather brave than wise, fall into these Precipices, or strike upon these Rocks ? Not being able to attain the first Glory of Virtue, which is to be without Fault, they neglect the second, which is to amend our Faults ; because they cannot be perfect, therefore they will not be penitent.

Whatever Cause, good or bad, they have once embrac'd, with the blindest Obstinacy they maintain and dispute with no less Violence for the most inconsiderable of their own Fancies, than for the Religion of their Fathers. They are ambitious of dying Martyrs to a pre-conceiv'd Opinion. They drive on the Evil which they have once begun, to perswade the World, that they undertook with Judgment what with Perseverance they pursue.

If

If a Proposition which they happen'd to advance by way of Discourse, and which they did not think to be true, comes afterwards to be contested, immediately they are engag'd in its Defence : In a little time they are half-convinc'd of its Truth : At length, as the Heat of the Argument encreases, they embrace it as undoubtedly certain ; and never leave it, till from a Problematical Question, as 'twas at the Beginning of the Debate, it becomes an Article of Faith at the Conclusion.

If they are desired to consider, that the Enemies are numerous and powerful, their Answer is, that they are many Men, and few Soldiers, that they are not regular Troops, but a mutinous, and undisciplin'd Rabble, and such as don't deserve the Name of an Enemy. If 'tis made appear, that the Army can't pass by the way that they have propos'd, they harass and torment themselves so much upon the Case, as if they'd force a Passage by the Power of Words.

I am not here upon the strain of Fiction : I do not make artificial Men, but I know, and could name to your Highness the Ministers that are of this Humour in Council ; who will not surrender up their Judgment to the most establish'd Custom,

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the most receiv'd Practice, or the most demonstrative Reason. They oppose the Singularity of their own Conceptions to the whole Stream of Authority and Example, and to the Consent of Mankind. The Papal Bulls and Briefs, the Royal Edicts and Declarations, were not design'd to conclude these Opiniators. They have a Commission to cancel and vacate all public Acts that don't conform to their private Sentiments.

Have we not seen, first in *Flanders*, and afterwards in *Italy*, a *Spanish* Minister, who was entirely made of this stubborn Metal? He could never bring himself to acknowledge *Henry IV.* as King of *France*; he would call him only the *Bearnois*; or, *the Prince of Bearn*, when he had a Mind to be complaisant. The *League* was now extinct, beyond all Hopes of a Revival; the Peace of *Vervain* was proclaim'd, and all its Articles put in Execution: The King was solemnly reconcil'd to the Holy See: The Court of *Spain* sent Ambassadors to him, and receiv'd his in return. Yet all could not bow the Spirit of this resolute Grandee. He resolv'd to be more Catholic than the Church, and to out-do *Spain* in his Aversion to *France*; and by the Authority of his

his own obstinate Fancy, to excommunicate him whom the Pope had absolv'd. He stood upon these Terms in the Year MDCX, and to the very Instant when his *Bearnois* threaten'd to make himself Master of the best Part of *Europe*: And who knows, if he would not have begun with the Dutchy of *Milan*, of which this Gentleman was Governour, on purpose to make him change his Style?

Those Sages, whose Character was our Yesterday's Entertainment, never affirm the least thing as a Certainty: They never durst swear to what they saw at Noon-day. They are not fully satisfied, whether the Things under their immediate View are real Objects of fantastic Illusions. If you ask their Judgment, their Answer is, *I think*; but never, *I know*: And in the clearest Matter, you can get nothing from them, but, *It may be, It seems probable*; and, *I must take time to consider*. And this their Diffidence, according to *Aristotle*, proceeds from the general ill Opinion they have conceiv'd of Men and Things. Whence they are commonly secure from the Impositions of others, but as commonly impose upon themselves. If they lose the Game, 'tis only by an affected studying to play it

too well. They are to complain of themselves and their own ill Fortune, not of the Advantage or Cunning of their Adversary. Thus, in their Order of Choice, the first Place is assigned to what's safe: The second to what's profitable. They proceed upon the dry Maxims of Policy, which are bounded by what is gainful or certain; and not upon the Lessons of Virtue, which propose a difficult and hazardous Honesty.

You may be pleas'd to think the quite contrary of the Gentlemen now upon the Stage, who scorn to express themselves but in peremptory Terms, who cut the Knot of the most dubious Cases, and most perplex'd Affairs, with, *This is positively so; 'tis impossible the thing should be otherwise; there's an absolute Necessity of taking these Measures.* Thus 'tis usual with them to quit the greatest of their Interests for the smallest of their Passions: They had rather be commended than rewarded, and constantly prefer Applause to Advantage. They promise themselves Wonders from Fortune and Futurity. They demand an infinite Value to be set upon the least Hope or Doubt, or Suspicion, with which they are pleas'd to amuse themselves and others.

Yet

Yet to do Justice to the Statesmen of this Day's Order; they are better than those of Yesterday. In the Judgment of *Aristotle*, the Timorous are doubly defective, in that they aspire not to those things of which the Magnanimous are worthy, nor even to those which they themselves deserve. Whereas the Bold and Presuming are only guilty of an Excess, in aspiring to those Things of which the Magnanimous are worthy, but not themselves. I now speak of Magnanimity in the strict Sense of Philosophers, not according to the Licence of Poets, who would certainly bestow the Title of Magnanimous upon our Heroes that are this Day sitting for their Picture, since they could afford the same Title to their Giants, to their *Phaethon*, and to their *Capanus*.

'Tis very sure, that this Haughtiness and this Confidence of boasting are things not generally disliked. Upon some Occasions they have come off with Honour and Applause. Particularly they succeeded to Admiration in the Person of that brave *Roman*, whose Character seems so well to hit the Humour of the Duke d'*Espernon*, and the Marshal de *Lesguideres*. Your Highness will not be uneasy, if I tell you

in what Stile this General once writ to the Emperour.

His Loyalty had been ever unstain'd and irreproachable: Yet, during his Absence, he fell under the evil Arts of Informers, and had a Charge prefer'd against him at Court. He then commanded the Army in *Germany*, and had an entire Interest and Authority as well in the Province as the Camp. Being advertis'd of what pass'd at *Rome*, and of the ill Offices design'd him in the Palace, he took the Freedom to write to his Master in a very unusual Strain, and the Conclusion of his Letter was to this purpose. *My Fidelity has been hitherto pure and unblemish'd; nor will I ever change it, unless upon absolute Compulsion. But, in the mean time, whoever comes to succeed me in my Command, I shall receive as one that has a Design upon my Life. Let us, if you please, Sir, adjust our Pretensions; yours be your Empire, Cæsar; and mine my Government.*

Men of this Complexion are very difficult to be corrupted by the Enemy, but very easy to be disobliged by their Master. They are never Rebels out of evil Inclination, and with prepenſe Design; but they may be so out of Chagrine and Discontent. They are strictly faithful so long

long as they are entirely trusted. They will not dis-serve their Prince, but they must serve him after their own way. They claim the Privilege to be Arbiters of their Obedience and Duty.

One of these Gentlemen, and one who is no Stranger to Your Highness, would needs prove to me, a little while since, that he had serv'd his Master by disobeying him. 'Twas in a Conference of about four Hours, which I had with him, when I waited upon him in his Government, on the part of Your Highness. By the Help of a pleasant Distinction between the King and the State, he told me, " That in a certain Affair, which was scarce yet over, he had gone entirely into the Interest of the State, notwithstanding the Remonstrances of those who would have stopp'd him, by alledging the Name of the King. And then, grounding his Discourse upon a Principle that seem'd very remote, he proceeded to tell me, " That the King, his old Master, Father to the present King, had commanded him before his Death, that in case such a Time should come, and such an Accident happen, he should not fail to do such a thing, whatsoever contrary Orders he might receive from Court,

“ That he thought himself obliged in
 “ Conscience to execute the Intentions of
 “ the greatest and wisest Prince in the
 “ World ; and knew he could not in-
 “ cur a Fault, by pursuing the Resoluti-
 “ on of a Master who was absolutely
 “ faultless.

But pray can you oblige us with this
 secret Order, which never was communi-
 cated to any third Person, not even to the
 Queen, the Dowager of the deceas'd King?
 There's no way of coming at the Truth
 of this, but by working some Magical
 Charm, by raising the Ghost of the great-
 est and wisest Prince in the World, and
 asking him who was absolutely faultless,
 whether his Minister does not wrong him
 by producing a false Commission? 'Tis
 all a Jest, to think of *Philip* under the
 Reign of *Alexander*; for one in public
 Office, to go about to perswade his Prince,
 that he has reason to disobey him; to
 believe, that a self-opinionative Stiffness
 is real Merit, and that he may be a very
 good Servant who always crosses his Ma-
 ster's Inclinations.

By my Consent, let these Gentlemen,
 who insist upon an unlimited Commission,
 and claim to be Servants at large, be kept,
 if possible, two hundred Leagues from
 Court.

Court. Let them be employ'd, if conveniently they may, in some obscure Government, where their ill Example being less conspicuous, will be less dangerous. But it may prove fatal to have them about the Prince's Person, where Respect is no less needful than Fidelity, and where they presume to be his Tutors rather than his Counsellors.

They are excellent Men, I confess; But all their Excellence seems to be out of its Place, while under the Power and Authority of another. They love their Country, and the Constitution; but they hate Subjection and Dependence. Their End is good; but their Means are irregular, and seem repugnant to their End. For being obliged to advance the Welfare of the Monarchy, they use all the Licence that could be taken under a popular State; or, what is more, they engage to be Servants, and demand to be Sovereigns. Some of them have made me smile, when they told me in the Conference I lately mention'd, that they were *too old to go back to the first Elements of their Duty; and too great* (said I) *to learn the Lesson that the Courtier gave his Son, in the Grecian Story, My Son make thy self little.* Good Governours of Provinces, good Wardens of the Marches,

Marches, good Sentinels of the Kingdom, I can allow them to be; but not tolerable Courtiers, or Officers of State.

There are Affairs that admit of different Managements, of which we ought to choose out the most proper, and most likely to succeed. In these Cases they shew the same Passion, and suffer the same Transports, as we lately observ'd upon the Subject of News. If we miss of them in one Extreme, we are too sure to find them in the other. They would rather fall, than leisurely descend; they declare for All, or Nothing; for Death or Victory: Tho', in my Opinion, 'tis somewhat to carry off above half, when we cannot obtain the whole; and between Death and Victory, there's the Medium of Peace, an inestimable Good, which as it ought to be sued for by the Vanquish'd, so it ought to be wish'd for by the Victor.

But we must not expect, they should be convinc'd by our Reasons, or vouchsafe an Audience to our Remonstrances. There's no way of diverting their Imagination from its Object, or flying it at a new Quarry. They are profess'd Foes to all sorts of Accommodations, and so wedded to their own Rules, and to the Rigor of that strict

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Justice, upon which they so much value themselves, that 'tis impossible to soften them to the Allowances of Equity. You cannot persuade them to take an Equivalent for a Thing that is lost ; they will not have the like, but the same. They defeat the Sense of the Law, by the Terms of the Law, and injure themselves, in attempting to do themselves Justice. They put me in mind of the two Brothers, so noted in History ; who being left Joint-Executors, and entering upon the Goods of the Deceas'd, broke a Glass, to divide it, and cut a Vest in two, that each might be sure of his Moiety.

If they don't go quite so far as this, and if we wrong them by over-straining their Character, yet thus much we may affirm, that they are wholly Strangers to those Temperaments which are of so great Use in Business, to perfect Affairs, to join things that are remote, and expedite things that are difficult. They understand not those Relaxations, and those Adjustments, which the *Italian* Wits have been so happy in inventing ; those necessary Mediums which seem to have been sent from Heaven, to promote Peace on Earth ; which, if they are requisite in our private Dealings with each other, how much more
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in Treaties between Crowns, in Leagues offensive and defensive, in Transactions where the Safety of Nations, and the Fortune of Kingdoms is embark'd?

Our intractable Moralists renounce all these Mediums and Expedients. They are for doing the same in a declining State, which is ready to expire with Age, as they would in a Government newly erected, which remains yet in the Purity of its Institution, and the Vigour of its first Decrees. They talk of little but of absolute Sovereignty, of the Force of Laws, and the Authority of the Senate; not considering, that these are things which grow old as well as others, and which decay in Proportion.

Let us hear Cato's Judgment in the Case of Caesar: *He must (says he) be laid in Chains, (he does not say, he should first be seiz'd) he must then be deliver'd up to our Allies whom he has injur'd, that they may right themselves upon his Person, and punish him for his unjust Victories.* These musts are stubborn things, and very difficult to be put in Execution; They shew that Party and Prejudice have got the ascendant of Reason: *He must (for Cato will not change his Phrase) be obliged to come and plead his own Cause at Rome, and lay before*
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the Senate an Account of his nine Years Command. And all this must be done exactly according to Law; that is, (if I may be allow'd to be Cato's Interpreter) we ought to hazard all our Laws, rather than omit one of our Formalities.

I perswade my self Your Highness will blame this austere Republican; tho' no Man was ever more applauded. *Cicero* was not only his intimate Friend, but his public and profess'd Admirer. He honour'd him with somewhat more than a Funeral Oration after his Death, and by that last piece of Respect, provok'd *Caesar* to write his two *Anti-Catones*, as a Satyr upon his Memory. Yet *Cicero* himself, when he is speaking more familiarly to *Pomponius Atticus*, confesses that this Virtue of *Cato* which he so much admir'd, was unprofitable to his Country. He confesses, that this *divine Man* (for so he is pleas'd to term him) was quite out of the Fashion, and knew not how to suit his Proposals to, or bring them to bear with the Times; and that when he gave his Vote among the Senators, he fancied himself in *Plato's* Common-wealth, not in the Lees of *Romulus's* Asylum.

This Saying of *Tully* may perhaps explain a Verse of *Virgil*, which is overlook'd

look'd by the Critics, but deserves the Reflection of Courtiers. In the Portraict of his Heroe's Shield, when among the fine Figures design'd upon it, he is representing the *Elysian Grove*, the Seat of happy Souls, he introduces *Cato* as Chairman of the Committee, or Director of the Assembly of the Just.

Secretosq; pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

If we take this according to the Letter, it may seem an Affront to the Family of the *Cæsars*; and to canonize their Enemy, will be to condemn their Cause. But, according to my Notion, *Augustus* and *Virgil* understood one another in the thing. The Poet had, no doubt, let the Emperor into the Secret of his Fiction, which is Raillery disguis'd under the Colours of Panegyric; intimating, that *Cato's* Virtue was not of this, but of another World: *Virgil*, in the finest and most artful manner, insinuates, that if *Cato* will reject all but those who are entirely virtuous and innocent, he must not seek for Company upon Earth; there must be a new People form'd to receive his Government, and his severe Principles can only take place in such a Society as is not to be found among Men.

You

You observe, Sir, for whom these Rules are calculated, and upon what Scene alone these sublime Theories can pass into Action. But we do not now inhabit those serene and blissful Abodes. We are not here in the Region of Idea and Perfection, where happy Souls are discharg'd from the Incumbrance of the Body, have their Passions heal'd, and all their humane Infirmities purg'd away. What Traveller has yet discover'd a Kingdom of Philosophers, much less of *Stoics*?

'Tis now a long time that the World has lost its Innocence. We stand in the last Corruption of Ages, and upon the Ruins of Nature. All is weak and sickly in the present Assemblies of Men. If therefore you would govern happily, if you would pursue the Welfare of the State with Success, suit your Work to the Fault and Imperfection of your Master. Lay aside that incommodious Virtue, of which the Age is not capable. Be content to bear with that which you can't reform. Dissemble those Errors that are above your Correction. Never touch upon those Distempers, which would only betray the Weakness of your Remedies, and expose Physic and Physician to Contempt. Pay an awful Regard to those fatal Maladies, which
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are sent from on high, and which break out with uncommon Symptoms. *When the Finger of God appears, the Hand of Man should tremble.*

By all means, satisfy the Honour and Dignity of the Crown. But do not lose the Crown, by vainly endeavouring to preserve its Honour and Dignity. Be not so wedded to that *Stoical*, that rigid and unmanagable Honesty, as not to quit it, when Necessity demands an Honesty that is more humane, more easy and conversible. Consider, that Reason is not so strict and pressing in Matters of Policy, as in those of Morality, nor takes so large a Compass in making private Men good, as in making Kingdoms happy. Some Maxims which perhaps are not altogether just in their Nature, may yet be justified in their Use. There are some Remedies that have no Pretension to Sweetness or Nicety, and yet are Remedies still. They are compounded perhaps of humane Blood, of Ordure, and the like vile Ingredients. But Health is far more sweet than any Medicine can be unfavoury. Poison, in some Cases is an Antidote; and then it easily reconciles it self to our good Opinion.

You

You that retain to *Cato's* Sect, have a Care of transcribing his Severity. Be not just or righteous over-much. Don't issue an Arrest against a Criminal, who has an Army to defend him against your Sergeants : Let not your Imprudence turn his Sedition into Despair. Whatever you do, force not this new *Cæsar* to pass the *Rubicon*, to make himself Master of his Country, and to speak these remarkable Words, looking upon the Heaps of Slain, after his decisive Victory ; *These have been the Cause of their own Fall : In return for my signal Services to the State, I must have had Commissioners sat upon me, but that I warded them by my Legions. My Innocence, if unarm'd, must have been condemn'd as guilty. I was threaten'd with Chains and Imprisonment, and might have been deliver'd into the Hands of the Barbarians, had not my Cause been as powerful as it was just.*

'Tis a Prodigy, I confess, and a Monster in Morality, to see a private Man, topping it over his Native Country ; or a Subject treating upon Terms with his Prince. But such Prodigies are, many times, not otherwise to be expiated, than by Indulgence and Dissimulation. If we cannot conquer these Monsters, we should endeavour to tame them. When a Rebel

confirm'd in Arms, and flush'd with Victory, demands a Justification of what's past, in order to return to his Obedience, do not obstinately insist upon his suing out his Pardon: Don't be over-scrupulous about Words and Terms: Send him a Recognition, as ample and advantageous as he can wish: Let him dictate, and do you write it; let it be engross'd upon gilded Paper, all illuminated with his Picture, and perfum'd with his Praise.

I have formerly read, not without some kind of Indignation, a Letter of *John Matthew Giberti*, Bishop of *Verona*, and Datary to Pope *Clement VII.* It is address'd to his Master's Nuncio at the Court of *Hungary*, and contains in Substance, " That he knew the Reconciliati-
 " on of the King of *Bohemia* to the Holy
 " See, to be what the Pope exceedingly
 " ly desired; but that he foresaw one ve-
 " ry considerable Obstruction, which
 " might oppose the ardent Desire of his
 " Holiness. This was, That it did not
 " become the Dignity and Grandeur of
 " the Church, to apply to Kings or King-
 " doms; and that in an Affair which
 " made so great a Noise, 'twas not fit
 " the Order should be inverted, or the
 " Rules of Decorum violated. And
 " there-

“ therefore, that ’twould be advisable
 “ to find some Expedient that might
 “ oblige the *Bohemians* to begin the
 “ Treaty, and to make the first Over-
 “ tures for an Accommodation : That, if
 “ they would come and present them-
 “ selves before Cardinal *Campegio*, the
 “ Legate in *Germany*, they should be re-
 “ ceiv’d with open Arms ; but if they
 “ did not thus present themselves, the
 “ Legate should not move towards them,
 “ nor the Judge sollicite the Parties :
 “ That ’twas reasonable to grant them
 “ what they demanded ; but not to of-
 “ fer them what they did not demand.
 Was not this Prelate an admirable Ma-
 ster of the Ceremonies, a great Good-
 Husband of a Point of Honour ? I cannot
 relish this extreme Nicety of Manage-
 ment, tho’ I must acknowledge the Ma-
 nager to have been a worthy and excellent
 Person.

But I am vex’d to find our *Demosthe-
 nes* himself in this Company. I could
 wish with all my Heart it had been some
 body else, who had made that Motion
 in the Council of *Athens*, upon the Sub-
 ject of a little Island adjoining to *Samo-
 thracia*, then in Dispute between the *A-
 thenians* and King *Philip* : Provided the

King will restore the Isle ; and that the word Restore, be inserted in the Body of the Treaty, I advise you to receive it : But not if he pretends to give it you, and calls that a Benefaction which is but a Surrendry of his unjust Possession.

Thus you see, that very great Men have sometimes amused themselves about Trifles ; and that this noble Orator in particular, was more concern'd for the Vanity of the word, than for the Solidity of the thing. Had the Emperour *Charles V.* made an Offer of the Dutchy of *Milan*, to some of our late Kings, and had *Demosthenes* been of their Privy-Council, he would have advis'd them to refuse the Present, for fear of injuring the Right they had to the Dutchy : He would have had retain their just Pretensions, and comfort themselves with future Expectations, rather than enjoy the proffer'd Advantage, and accept of a second Crown upon such Terms as he thought dishonourable to the first.

In this wicked World, when Men do us an Act of Justice, let us think they do us an Act of Grace. Let us not be over covetous of Forms and Appearances, when the Thing and the Substance is in our Power. Let them carry off the Pictures
and

and the Weather-Cocks, if they do but leave us the Walls and the Roof. Let them call this a Present, or a Favour, or an Alms, if they please. When the thing's our own, we may give it a better Name, and such as shall be more agreeable. Let us have, and possess with Honour, the Islands that belong to us: But, whatever the Possession costs, let us have them. Let us rather commend ourselves, for bearing a petty Disgrace, than complain to After-times of our suffering a notorious Injury.

It would be better for a Man not to have so quick and piercing an Eye in the Review of his own Rights, for fear of discovering that they are too well grounded. It would be better for him, not to be so expert and knowing in his own Case, for fear he should be over-perswaded of its Justice. This nice and delicate Sense of an Injury receiv'd, is very inconvenient in a Treaty about Reparation. So high an Opinion of the Merit of our Cause cannot, without great Reluctancy, be brought to submit to the Judgment and Decision of others. The Tendency of all this, is only to turn Designs into Impossibilities, and to amuse our selves in a place, which we ought with all speed to

abandon. These are not the Helps, but the Hindrances of Action : Not Instruments to level the Way, but Stones to choak up the Goal. We may confess them to be brave and elevated Qualities, such as usually proceed from Generosity of Spirit, and Nobleness of Heart. Yet commonly they do more Hurt than Good ; at least, they are not for every Day's Practice ; and seem but too contemptible Arms for the Defence of the Weak against the Strong.

I know not what Opinion Men entertain upon the Case : But I fantasie, a Negotiation cannot conclude more unhappily, or more to the Disadvantage of one of the Parties, than when, after a tedious Managery, after an infinite Multitude of Words thrown into the Wind, and of Papers that may be thrown into the Fire, he is at length constrain'd to *appeal to Posterity*, and carries off all his Honour and Reason from the Place of Treaty. He might perhaps as well have parted with some little of this Honour and Reason. What should hinder us from consenting to an Accommodation, which is therefore not unreasonable, because it is for our Benefit ; and therefore not dishonourable, because it is made necessary by the

Oc-

Occasion, to which the noblest Generosity ought it self to be accommodated.

Let us not be dazled with the Character of *Grecian* Wisdom. Let not the one or the other of the *Athenian* Orators make us his Property. The Merit, the Country, and the Antiquity, of those that impose upon us, instead of Justifying the Cheat, only render it more visible and notorious. Let us once in our Life-time assert the Liberty of our Judgment, which ought not always to be captivated, either by *Greek* or *Roman*. 'Tis some sort of Consolation to our imperfect Nature, to find that even Heroes themselves are but Men.

How much Good does it do me, (said an excellent Person, in my hearing) to observe that the bravest Generals have fled, that the wisest Men have had their weak Sides, that a renown'd Orator has used an improper Word, that a deep Politician has given a wrong Judgment! These Examples of human Frailty and Infirmary, were the Sights and Pastimes that diverted this great Man. He laugh'd at *Demosthenes* and his ridiculous Point of Honour; but he laugh'd more at *Cleon*, and his extravagant Probitity.

This latter Gentleman being elected to the Chief Government of *Athens*, was re-

solv'd to signalize his Entrance on his Office with somewhat very new and surprizing. The Day after his Election, he sent a general Invitation to his Friends: When they were all met, and each with warm Hopes of being a considerable Sharer in his good Fortune, he entertain'd them with a Discourse which they all little expected, and which very much lowr'd their aspiring Thoughts of Preferment. He told them, " He had sent
 " for them to his House, only to drive
 " them out of it, and to let them
 " know, that indeed he had been their
 " Friend while in a private Station;
 " but that being chosen Magistrate, he
 " thought himself obliged to renounce
 " their Acquaintance. He took this his Declaration to be the Original Picture of Virtue, an Act of heroical Honesty, and the bravest thing that had been done at *Athens*, since the Foundation of the City, from the Time of *Theseus* to that of *Cleon*. He conceiv'd, that a true Statesman ought to be a public Enemy; that for the first Specimen of his Courage, he was to divest himself of all his Inclinations, to break through all the Ties of Nature and Society.

I have seen of these rigid Censors, on this, and on the other side of the Mountains: I have seen those, who to raise the Character of their Integrity, and to oblige the World to confess, that they were above the Bribes of Favour and Affection, have prefer'd the Interest of a Stranger to that of a Relation or Friend. They have been overjoy'd to give a Cause against their Nephew, or Cousin-German: And the worst Office that could have been done to a good Cause, was a Recommendation from those Hands. When many Competitors appear'd for the same Place, they would not beg it for one whom they knew to be worthy; but for one who had no other Merit, but his being unknown to them.

And here again I take Occasion to declare, that I don't exaggerate Matters. I have not the Art of aggrandizing, like that Traveller who related so many Prodigies to Your Highness, and never saw one thing that he spoke of. I can justify my Reflections by my Experience, and could as easily have given you the Names as the Character. I have met with those, who have been so much afraid of favouring any Man,
that

that they disliked, arraign'd, and condemn'd the whole World, and commonly they knew not why. And this proceeded rather from Caprice than Cruelty, it was rather Intemperance of Tongue, and Surcharge of Choler, than Malice propense, or Michief conceiv'd in the Imagination, and digested by Time and Thought. They had call'd *Julius Caesar*, a Sot, the very next Hour after they had said, *Sobrius accessit ad perdendam Rempublicam*.

Your Highness has been told of that *French* Counsellor, whose Sentences were generally Capital, and who sometimes too would steal a Nap upon the *Flowers de Liz*. One Day, the President taking the Votes of the Court, and asking his among the rest, he answer'd with some Surprise, and before he was well awake, *I think the Man should be beheaded; but 'tis a Meadow* (says the President) *that we are debating of; let it be mow'd then*, replies the Counsellor.

Once more, 'tis neither Malice, nor Cruelty; 'tis Vapour, 'tis Choler, 'tis Chagrine, that prevails in the Constitution of these Gentlemen, and blackens with its Fumes, their first Motions, and first Words. This adust Quality imprints a perpetual Negative on their Faces, by which they endeavour to stifle the Prayers in the very
Hearts

Hearts of the Petitioners. They refuse things that were never ask'd them, nor ever design'd to be ask'd.

A Prince will not easily call these Counsellors to his Board. Were they indeed the very Reverse of what they seem to be, yet we could not commend them for paying so little Regard to the Out-side of Virtue, and the Appearance of Good. Had they really a courteous and obliging Soul, their very Mien would defeat and forbid their Civility ; their ill Humour would spoil all the Grace and Merit of their good Actions. You may be pleas'd to observe, how they fence themselves round with a frightful and inaccessible Severity, and how this ill-look'd Phantom awes and brow-beats the whole World. You may observe what Pains they take to disfigure and disguise their Countenance, and may see them wear this odious Mask even at Feasts or Weddings, where they affect, no less than on the most solemn Occasions, to appear thus stern and terrible.

It was said heretofore of a *Grecian*, a right honest and virtuous Man, that *he had not sacrific'd to the Graces*. It may be said of these *Spaniards*, or these *Frenchmen*, who must also be allow'd to be Men of great Honesty and Virtue, that they are
not

not only less devout than this *Grecian*, but that passing from Indevotion to Impiety, instead of sacrificing to the Graces, they beat down their Altars, they set fire to the Temple of the fair Goddesses, and endeavour wholly to extirpate their Ceremonies and Worship. Let us wind up the Character of these Ministers, and represent in the Species what Your Highness has observ'd in the Individuals.

'Tis impossible to come near them, without being hurt; they shoot a Sting from every part of their Body: Their Praises bite, their Caresses are grating: And, as some awkward Persons fall foul upon the Face they would kiss, so these untoward Courtiers cannot oblige without a disobliging Air; they cannot promise but with a menacing and frowning Visage; they grant a Favour with the same Voice and Action that others deny it.

DIS.

DISCOURSE

The Seventh.

Hitherto we have been for attacking none, but such as may stand upon their own Defence; and, if Your Highness pleases, we'll give out a general Indemnity to all whom we have yet impeach'd. Let us not reproach Men with the Vices of their Birth. Let us lend some Indulgence to common Infirmary. Let us allow somewhat for Complexion of Body, which is so apt to imprint its Marks and Stains upon the Soul. Let us commiserate the Weakness of Parts and Capacities, because we receive them as they are given us, and do not chuse them at our Pleasure.

Subtilty of Understanding, Solidity of Judgment, resolute Prudence, and deliberate Valour, are not voluntary Attainments: They depend no more upon Choice, than our Health, or our Person.
We

We are accountable for our own Faults, not for the Defects of Nature. No Man is oblig'd to be wise, but every Man is engaged indispensably to be good. And, if we cannot by our Valour or Prudence, advance the Glory of the Public, we ought at least to contribute our Innocence, towards the common Welfare and Repose.

What then shall we say of those insolent Favourites, who with Banners display'd, bid defiance to Law and Justice; who undertake the Government of States, with a formal Design to ruin them; who owe their Good-plight to the Juice and Substance of exhausted Provinces, who build their Houses with the Wrecks and Devastations of whole Kingdoms?

What shall we say of those insupportable Slaves, who revenge their own petty Quarrels with their Master's Sword; who proclaim all guilty of High Treason that don't fall down and worship them; who by a cruel, and bloody Peace, defamed with Mourning and Funerals, cast a Nation into Despair, and reduce the best Subjects to an Incapacity of saving themselves otherwise than by turning Rebels.

Lastly, what shall we say of those supple Courtiers, who engross all the Triumph, and have not any the least Share in the

the Victory; who in Ease and Idleness enjoy the Toil and Sweat of the bravest Captains; who sit at the Ball or the Play, expecting the News of a Battle gain'd, or a City taken, of which the General is obliged to send them an Account?

Consider their Portraict, as it is drawn in Ancient or Modern Story. See how they drive all before them as their lawful Spoil; how they *feed upon the* dead Bodies, (according to the late Phrase of *Rome*) and leave nothing but Loss and Misery to the Desolate Families, to the Orphans and Widows. For tho, as they rose from a Dunghill, they are properly of Kin to no Man, yet they take themselves for the true and lawful Heirs of all the World. There's no Office of the Crown, no Government or Commission, but they think they have a Right of succeeding to! They never fancy themselves secure, while there's so much as a Cave, or a Precipice in other Hands.

Your Highness is pleas'd to express your good-liking of this Description: And the Reason is, because you have an Esteem and Love for Truth, however negligently dress'd. It might indeed have made a fairer Figure, and the Parts might have been more exquisitely adjusted, had I been folli-

sollicitous about the nicer Rules of Art. But the Copiousness of a Subject many times breaks the Measures and Compass of the Speaker. I pretend no more than to draw a plain Likeness, without Advantage or Ornament. If I have offer'd the least Particular, that is not disagreeable to Your Highness, 'tis such as I borrow'd from the common Stock of the World. Let us, Sir, again consult the long Experience of this old World, an Experience which comprehends so many Ages and Countries. Let us enquire particularly of the World, who they are that have govern'd it in despite of it self, who they are that have reign'd without Right, without Merit, and without a Crown.

These Pretenders introduce themselves to Court, by ways that are generally little and mean, very often base and dishonest. Sometimes they owe the Beginnings of their Fortune to a well-adjusted Dance, to Agility of Body, or Comeliness of Person. Sometimes they build their Merit upon secret and shameful Services, for which they dare not ask their Wages in Public; they recommend themselves in no other Quality, but that of Agents and Pandars for Vice.

Their

Their sole Aim and Design being to propose what's agreeable, they never trouble themselves to enquire whether it hurts or profits, while it does but please. In order to the establishing themselves in the strictest Intimacy with their Prince, they insinuate themselves into his Judgment, by the Intelligence they hold with his Passions. But, having once seiz'd upon his Mind, they place a Guard at all the Avenues, and refuse Admittance to his very Confessor. Howsoever weak and tender they find his Inclination to Evil, they water and cultivate it with so much Care, that the smallest Seed grows up to a great Tree, and the slightest Disposition to a confirm'd and obstinate Habit.

These are the *Petronius's* and *Tigellinus's* about *Nero*, the Advocates of Pleasure, that plead her Cause against Virtue, and plead it with more Success than she herself did, when she came to court the young *Hercules*, and made him that fine Speech in the Cross-way.

It's incredible, how many sorts of Charms they make use of, without applying those of Magic, which the People however do not fail to lay to their Share. How very ingenious are they in dressing up new Pleasures for a pall'd and expiring

Appetite? What Poignancies do they command, to awaken a languishing and impotent Desire? To perform this, they never want a Store of extravagant Conceits, of unusual Objects, of unknown Relishes. These they cater for, beyond the Ends of the World, and the last Bounds of Nature, to the very Licentiousness of Fiction and Fable. According to them, the *Sybarites* were but gross in the Art of Luxury; and *Naples* and *Capua*, that debauch'd *Hannibal*, did not understand Pleasure in any of its Delicacies and Refinements.

Yet 'tis not at one Stroke that they carry their Point. Virtue and they are sometime disputing the Precedency in the Court of a young Prince. Sometimes she's above, and sometimes below them; sometimes she gains Ground, and sometimes she retires. They divide with her the Royal Affection, Understanding, and Leisure. *Burrhus* is heard, but they take care he shall not be believ'd. They are a Counter-poise to *Seneca*; but, in fine, they overballance all his Morals. The *Epicureans* destroy as much in three Days, as the *Stoics* had built in five Years. The least we can say, is, that when they have once taken the Place, they are content to demolish

molish the Works by degrees. They attack the strongest Guards of their Master one after another. From some pardonable Faults, against which they found his young Soul making a brave Resistance, they lead him on, Step by Step, to Tyranny and Sacrilege.

At first, it satisfies them to tell him softly in his Ear, that there's no Necessity of a Prince's being eminently good, provided he be not infamously bad: That 'twould give his Majesty too much Fatigue to win the Love of his Subjects, and therefore 'tis enough if he do but ward off their Hatred: That a solid and resolute Honesty is too great a Burthen for the Royal Shoulders; but that its Semblance and Copy, which never changes, has the same Lustre with the Original, and produces the same Effect: That one virtuous Action, which costs little, perform'd in a lucky Juncture, is enough, from time to time, to bear up his Reputation. But they will not stop here, for fear of leaving him in too good a Way. Having once perswaded him that Good is indifferent, they hope to convince him that Evil is reasonable; and therefore proceed to dress up Vice in the Habit and Colours of Virtue.

If he is inclin'd to rid himself of some one of his Relations, against the Decrees of Religion and of State, both which so strongly forbid the shedding of Royal Blood, these Counsellors prescribe the gentle Method of the *Bow-String*, by help of which not one Drop of Blood shall be lost, and the Letter of the Law be satisfied. If his Passion hurries him into the Thought of Incest, yet not without Reluctance and Remorse, his trusty Friends come in immediately to the Relief of his disturb'd Mind. They have a nice Distinction, a wondrous Subtility to apply for the easing of his Pain; representing to him, that indeed there's no Law that admits a Brother to his Sister's Bed; but there's a Fundamental Law of Monarchy, the Parent and Mistress of all other Laws, which commissions a Prince to do what he pleases.

They have the greatest Examples in Readiness, to alledge for the greatest Crimes. *It is not, Sir, in Turkey, say they, or amongst the Barbarians, that we seek for Precedents in the Case; the People of God, the holy Nation, will abundantly supply them: The same King that built the Temple was the Founder of a Seraglio; and that which we now see at Constantinople, was taken from*

from the Model at Jerusalem. You are satisfied with one Wife ; but the wisest of Princes and Men had six hundred, as they are upon Record in Scripture, besides Concubines. You have heard of the last Will of his Father David, and of the fine Charge he gave him in his dying Commands. I shall not aggravate Matters ; but I beg you to consider how many Lives he enjoins his Son to sacrifice, for the Insurance of his own.

Under the Law of Grace it self, you will not find milder Instances of Tenderness and Pity. You demur upon the Banishment of a Brother, or the Imprisonment of a Cousin-German. But Constantine the Great, the most Holy, most Religious, and most Divine Emperor, as he is styl'd by the Mouth of General Councils, took a much larger Step without ever deliberating. Has not your Majesty read the Story of his putting his own Son to Death, upon the very first Suspicion ? 'Tis true, he mourn'd his Death, and acknowledg'd his Innocence. But, as the Acknowledgment came somewhat of the latest, so the Mourning did not last above four and twenty Hours. He thought himself fully acquitted, by erecting a Statue for the deceas'd Prince, with this Inscription, To the Memory of my Son Crispus, whom I caus'd unjustly to be slain.

Do you make a Difficulty after this, to ease your self of a Burden that so much galls and incommodes you ; to take a Person out of the Way, that bears so hard upon you, at every step, a Cousin of the third or fourth Degree, who is resolv'd to leap over all these Degrees, into your Throne.

You are pleas'd to reverence the Persons and Character of Churchmen, who will not, in return, pay you a blind Obedience. But Charlemagne, a Saint of our Church, and a Predecessor of our Kings, was not so ceremonious. He, with his own Hands, slew an Abbot in his Robes, at the High Altar, ready to say Mass, for denying him no body knows what.

*You are cautious of putting your Authority to the stretch, and of exerting an absolute Power when the Condition of your Affairs requires it. But the same Example, that of Charlemagne, might answer your Scruples, and overcome the Coyness of your Conscience. Whatever his Capitularies may pretend, he really acknowledg'd no greater or better Law, than that of Arms : The Pommel of his Sword serv'd him for Seal and Signet. I don't enlarge to your Majesty ; this is historical Fact, and is to be taken according to the Letter. There are still extant Characters of Privileges granted, and Donations of Lands made by this good Orthodox Emperour, in the Presence
of*

of Roland and Oliver, which are really seal'd with the said trusty Pommel, and which he promis'd to maintain by the Blade of the same.

There have been Favourites, (I do not say where) that have suggested these wicked Lessons to their Prince: And I am assured so, by those who have had the Tutoring of those Favourites, and who supplied them with those fine Memoirs of History, for their Use and Direction.

At length, thinking it a needless Labour to defend Crimes that own no Judges, or to apologize for sovereign and unlimited Cruelty, they very frankly tell their Master, that when he finds no Precedent, he ought to make one; that an Action, before strange and unheard of, when once perform'd, will drop those Names; that 'twould be a Blot upon the supreme Authority, to give a Reason of any Proceedings, and a great Indecorum, if he that has Fleets and Armies to justify his Actions, should hunt for Pleas and Pretences, to disguise them. " There's no " Man (to use the Language of a *Sejanus* or a *Plautius*) " who is entirely innocent, " in all Parts of his Life, and who does " not in his Heart repine at his Superi- " ors. By consequence, whenever a Prince

“ condemns, he condemns those who are
 “ really guilty ; and where-ever he strikes
 “ the Blow, falls among his Enemies.
 “ By the same Consequence he does a
 “ Man an Act of Grace, when he takes
 “ away his Estate ; because he is pleas’d
 “ not to command his Honour, or his
 “ Life. According to their Set of Principles,
 Veracity, and honest Dealing, is the
 Virtue of a Merchant, and not of a King.
 They bring some Poet to vouch, *That in
 the Account of Heaven, the Oaths of Princes
 weigh just as much as those of Lovers : That
 the one and the other are equally the Jest of
 Providence ; that Jupiter orders them to be
 thrown to the Wind, as meer Feathers and
 Trifles.*

Thus by a kind of Buffoonry in Reason,
 and by alledging Fables for Arguments,
 they perswade the Prince in good earnest,
 that he is under no manner of Obligation
 to keep his Word. Having first represented,
 that he is no longer subject to the Fancies
 and Visions of Legislators, they maintain,
 that it’s part of his Prerogative-Royal,
 to define a-new the Nature of Good and
 Evil, to declare to the World what he
 pleases shall be unjust for the future,
 to set the Stamp and Value upon every
 thing, as well in Morals as Politics.

This

This is the fair Seed-plot of Tyrants, and the Nursery of Monsters. From these hopeful Beginnings, they proceed to set *Rome* on fire, to butcher the Senate, to dishonour Nature by their Debauches, and do it Violence by their Parricides. That basely compliant Temper is at the Bottom of all these Calamities. If this secret Wind did not blow, we should not see these Tempests rise. And therefore we may be justified, if we speak of it with some Warmth; and if, while Your Highness's good Administration renders us safe and happy, on this side, Humanity invites us to commiserate the Sufferings of distemper'd States, and afflicted Kingdoms. But let us do more than complain; let our Pity towards the Sufferers be turn'd into Indignation against the Authors.

As there is not in the whole World any Good more great and excellent, and more universally diffusive of it self than a good Prince, nor any Evil that spreads wider, or with more mischievous Effect, than an evil Prince; so there is not, in the utmost Extent of human Justice, any Punishment proportion'd to their Crime, who turn this Good into Evil, and corrupt what is thus sovereign and salutary. They might
with

with less destructive Malice impoison all the Wells and Fountains of a Country. For should they infect the very Rivers, we might procure Water from our Neighbours, and Heaven would always furnish us with some Drops. But here we are, with the same Necessity, to drink either Water or Poison. We are not allow'd to have Recourse to foreign Remedies against these domestick Evils. The Laws of our Religion oblige us, in this Case, to continue miserable, and to obey a furious or extravagant Governour, *not only for Wrath, but also for Conscience sake.*

Since then the Persons of Sovereigns, whatever they are, ought to be held sacred and inviolable; and since the Character of the Finger of God demands our highest Veneration, on whatsoever Matter it is impress'd, let us direct all our Hatred and Censure against these vile Flatterers, who lead us into Miseries beyond Retrieve: Let us attack these evil Counsellors, who alone give us evil Kings, who incite innocent Men to commit Murder, and Murderers to burn Temples. For 'tis their pernicious Advice that animates and pushes on a bad Resolution: Their Maxims of Fire and Sword confirm a villanous Design, while yet doubtful and unassured.

They

They sharpen that which cuts; they precipitate that which already inclines; they hearten and encourage the Violent, while in Pursuit of the Prey; they inflame the Covetous after our Goods, and the Lustful after our Wives.

But if they meet with Natures that are not susceptible of these Motions, and such as are distant from Vice and Virtue in the same Degree; if there fall into their Hands some soft and drowsy Monarch, without Point or Sting, and one who is therefore only restrain'd from Evil, because his tame and sleepy Disposition will not suffer him to stir out of his Place, a more unhappy Crisis this for the People and Kingdom. For, abusing the Simplicity and Easiness of their Master, and the Advantage they have of him in Activity of Genius, they reign openly, and usurp without Disguize: So that looking on him only as the Right and Title of their own obtruded Authority; they add to the Yoak of Tyranny the Scandal of its being impos'd by private Hands.

It is not possible to conceive the Wiles and Artifices they apply, to climb this Height, and to reduce their King entirely under Subjection. Their first Essay, is, to strike him with a sort of Emulation
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and Vain-glory, in the Establishment of their own Fortune. They give him to understand, by certain necessary Instruments, that the Kings his Predecessors, who were by no means greater or more powerful than himself, were yet able to make their Favourites more considerable : That 'tis much wiser to prefer Persons of obscure Parentage, who have no Dependances, and shall hold only of his Majesty ; than to employ Men of illustrious Birth, and known Probity, who are already engaged to some Party or Interest : That he is concern'd in Honour, not to leave his own Works unfinish'd ; but when he has prepar'd their Substance, to do somewhat for their Elegance and Ornament, and to put them into such a Condition, as that none but himself can unmake them : That if he should yield to the Suit of the Nobles, who desire to be free from all Rivalship ; and to the Complaints of the People, who are profess'd Enemies to growing Greatness, he will tie up his own Hands ; and, for the future, deprive himself of the Liberty of doing Good ; he will be oblig'd to call an Assembly of the States, to dispose of the smallest Office in his Realm : And that, after all, he cannot desert and give
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up a Person that has been once dear to him, without condemning his own Conduct for many Years, and giving a publick Proof either of his past Blindness, or his present Levity.

This is certain, that when we have once begun to love any thing for its own sake, Time and Custom graft our Interest upon the Merit of the Thing. The Desire we have the World should believe that all our Choices are well made, imposes a subsequent Necessity upon an Action which in its Rise was voluntary. Insomuch, that since what has been done against Reason, cannot be justified but by Resolution, we believe we can never be too obstinate in maintaining it. And, upon the Strength of this Belief, even after we have withdrawn our Affection, we think our selves oblig'd to defend our Judgment.

But if such Reflections are able to shock the strongest Understandings, and sometimes to impose upon the wisest of Men, we are not to wonder, if they so easily prevail over a weak King, who thinks only with borrow'd Reason, and is to be gain'd by a very small Talent of Eloquence, provided it falls in with his Inclinations.

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And thus he is engaged and devoted to the making his belov'd Subject great. He speaks of him as his sole Enterprize and End. He insensibly becomes an Idolater, and like the Heathen Statuaries, adores the Works of his own Hands. All his Thoughts and Studies, which ought to be directed to the Glory and Safety of the Public, are terminated in this laudable Design, in gratifying the Ambition of his Creature. To him he opens his Coffers, and empties his Treasury; not only to oblige him, but to mortify others. He has already loaded him with all the Offices of the Kingdom, and all the Ornaments of the Crown. He has nothing to add to his Royal Bounty, but his Royal Person. And this at length he makes over, with so entire and absolute a Conveyance, that the very Monasteries do not afford an Instance of a more resign'd Will, a more perfect Submission, and Self-renunciation.

He is never shown in Public, but when his Presence may seem necessary to confirm those Orders which he had no Share in the making: And he is contented to come abroad upon this Errand. Care is taken to amuse him with
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some petty Diversions, unworthy his Condition, and his very Age: And should they send him a Collection of Play-things from the Toy-shop, he would scarce fail to thank them for their agreeable Present. His Domesticks are every Day chang'd, and without his Notice. Every thing that can speak is remov'd from about his Person; and he does not guess at the Design. They new-model the Court; and he takes it, as they give it him. They find some Pretence to ease themselves of all that are truly great and virtuous, and he consents to their Ruin.

Those who are more stubborn and impatient of the Yoke, they subdue by Force of Arms. The Wealthy and Peaceable they attack with Informations and Calumnies. Such as are kept in Credit by their good Services, and irreproachable Loyalty, on these they bestow some fatal Commission, or send them with feeble Troops to reduce strong Garrisons, where if they come off with their Lives, they shall be sure to forfeit their Reputation. Some they drive away by an absolute Command to leave the Court; others they more civilly banish, by an Embassy. And in the Room of all these, how

numerous foever, the new Prime Minister substitutes Persons entirely at his Devotion, who rest in the visible Cause of their good Fortune, and never cast a Look beyond their immediate Benefactor.

Thus lies the poor Prince, at the Mercy and Discretion of his Favourite; speaks not a Word but what is carried to his Governour's Ear; nor vents a Sigh, but what there's some Spy at hand, to catch and report. So that in the midst of his own Palace, he endures all the Uneasiness of a Solitude. He sees not one about his Person that is of his Knowledge, or Acquaintance; not one faithful Ear to which he may whisper, that he *suffers*. But then again, he has advanc'd so far, that he knows not how to retreat. The Favourite, to secure an absolute Dependance on himself, has contriv'd to bring all other Men into Hatred or Suspicion. Having long possess'd and engross'd all Affairs without a Partner, he is the only Man that understands the Business of the State, and so becomes a necessary Evil, such as is not to be cured, but by a dangerous Remedy.

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After this manner, the Titular Sovereign, being in profound Peace, and perfect Amity with his Neighbours, without one Enemy upon the Frontier, without striking one Stroke, or venturing farther than from the Palace to the Street, beholds himself miserably reduc'd under the Power of another; which is worse than could have befallen him by the Loss of a Battel. That unhappy Minute in which he began to love too much, and trust too much, has run him upon this dangerous Extremity. And, soberly speaking, the Battle of *Pavia* was not so fatal to *Francis* the First; nor the taking of *Rome* to *Clement* the Seventh. For, if their Disgrace was heavy, yet it was not voluntary: If they lost their Liberty, yet, under all their Afflictions, they preserv'd the Greatness of their Spirit: And if they were made Prisoners, it was to a great Emperour, their declar'd Enemy, and not to the lowest of their People. There cannot be so base, so infamous, and so miserable a Captivity, as that of a Prince, who is taken in his own Closet, and by his own Slave: He cannot exercise a more cowardly Tameness, or be unfortunate with a greater Blemish to his Honour.

I shall say more ; When a Prince has eat his People to the very Bone, and when he lives in his own Dominions as in an Enemy's Country, he is not yet so far estranged from the Duties of his Charge, as when he obeys a private Person. Tyranny is indeed a thing very distant from Royalty, and yet bears a nearer Resemblance to it than to Servitude. The former is at least, some kind of Government, and a way of commanding, tho not the most excellent way. But when a Sovereign shall resign himself as a Prey to three or four puny Subjects, and not reserve either the Disposal of his own Will, for the following his Inclinations ; or the Use of his own Reason, for the Knowledge of his Affairs, I want Words to express the Wretchedness of his Condition ; and I think a State can suffer no worse Interregnum than that of his Life, during which he does nothing, and yet does all the Mischief that happens to a People.

In this Case he seems to be dead in Law, and has, as it were, depos'd himself by his own Act. 'Tis only his Effigies that is carried in Public, and to which some Duties of meer Custom and Pageantry are perform'd, and many useless
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Reverences paid. Men have forgotten their Allegiance to the rightful and natural Sovereignty, there's another started up in its Place, which is foreign and usurp'd, sprung from the first by violent, and, as it were, adulterous Birth. They desert *Royalty*, to run after *Favour*, of which the *Arabians* have this Proverb, That *the Daughter often destroys the Mother*.

What a goodly thing it was to see a King of *Castile*, some time since, who durst not take a Walk, or put on a new Suit, without asking Leave of *Alvarez de Luna*? Whatever Kindnesses were beg'd of him, he was to beg them over again of his Favourite. The utmost he could do, was to recommend his own Friends, and to use his best Interest, for those whom he lov'd and esteem'd. A goodly thing, to see a Courtier, like him we are speaking of, revoke the Prince's Choice, and dispose a-new of the Commissions settled by the Royal Will! A goodly thing, when a Minister shall be offended with his Master, for desiring once in his Life-time the Perusal of a Paper that is brought him to sign; when he shall complain, that this is to injure his Fidelity, and to forget his important Services!

But will not the Scene be much improv'd, if this Man who reigns in the Heart of the Prince, and commands the Hands of the Subjects, is himself under the absolute Government of a Mistress? What if Love should gain the Ascendant of Policy, and the Fortune of the Kingdom be the Jest of a Lady of Pleasure? For 'tis true in Fact, that some of these fair Confidants have strangely sported with the Authority of Laws, and the Majesty of Empires. They have more than once trampled Crowns and Scepters under their Feet. They have taken a Divertisement and Pastime in the Violation of Justice, and the Exercise of Cruelty; in the Miseries and Afflictions of Mankind.

Let us, for once, omit that part of their Story, which would wound the Imagination through the Memory. Let us forget all the Blood they have spilt. Let us wave the Rehearsal of their Tragedies; and content our selves with one Instance of their Gallantry. It is not long since we have seen a Lady of the Court arrive at such a Pitch of Insolence, that being solicited in an Affair, which, to engage her the more willingly, was represented as easy and just, replied with

a Spirit worthy her Nation, (which is the Country of Rhodomantades) “ That
 “ she was not so lavish of her Interest;
 “ that another might serve on this slight
 “ Occasion, and might undertake things
 “ just and possible: As for her part, she
 “ had us’d her self to attempt none, but
 “ such as were unjust and impossible.

What a Train of Calamities, think you, must follow upon such a Management? What Outrages will be committed under the Shelter of this unlawful Favour? Has the great Man at Court any one Slave who does not take himself to have the Privilege of abusing Freemen, and of doing Violence with Impunity, in the Name, and by the Authority of his Master? Does he not retain those about him, whose Business it is to rob and plunder, at least, if not to kill, those who sell his Presence and his Audience, who enrich themselves with the Refuse of his Avarice, and the Superfluities of his Palace?

The Prince, all this while, is not an Actor in the Sin, and yet is a Sharer in the Guilt: His Ignorance is inexcusable, his Patience is a Vice; and those Disorders which happen either without his Knowledge, or with his Sufferance,

ance, are no less imputed to him before God, than if committed by his own Hand. And therefore 'tis with the highest Reason, that the Man after God's own Heart, begs him in express Terms, and amidst the Fervour of his most ardent Devotions, to *cleanse him from his secret Faults*, and to *deliver him from other Mens Sins* *. This last Expression imports, that Princes ought not to rest satisfied in a private and personal Innocence ; that it will not avail them, to have been just themselves, if they miscarry through the Injustice of their Ministers.

And to this purpose, I cannot forget a notable Strain of an *Italian*, in our Father's Days, preaching before a Prince of the same Country. Being in the midst of his Sermon, in which he had treated of the Duty of Sovereigns, and being weary of dwelling so long upon the general *Thesis*, he broke through it on a sudden, in the following Words, address'd to the Prince himself.

* Psal. XIX. 12, 13. according to the LXXII. and the Vulgar Latin.

May it please Your Highness, says he, I had a very strange Vision last Night. Methoughts the Earth open'd before me, and I could see distinctly to its very Centre. I beheld the Punishments of the other World, and the Terrours of the Divine Justice; and my Mind has scarce yet recover'd it self from the dreadful Prospect. Among the Wicked of past Ages I could discern too many of the present. Murtherers, false Accusers, Hypocrites and Atheists, run together in Troops, and crowded about the Brink of the great Abyss. Yet having formerly observ'd in their Lives the visible Marks of Reprobation, I did not wonder to see them arrived at a Place to which I knew they had wholly bent their Course. But that which struck me with the utmost Astonishment, was, that I espied you, Sir, in this unhappy Company. And as I could not but be fill'd with Surprise and Trouble, at so unexpected an Adventure, I cried out to Your Highness; Is it possible a Man should lose his Soul, by saying his Prayers; and that Your Highness should go this way; you who are the best and most religious Prince in the World? To which Your Highness answer'd with a Sigh, I don't go, Father, but I am led.

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The Fruitfulness of this Subject might furnish us with Matter of Discourse for another Week. But I am to end with the present ; and shall affirm, in Conclusion, that there's Distance enough between Sovereigns and Subjects, to raise the latter very high, and yet to keep them below the former. 'Tis fit he that is nearest the Prince, should be nearest at a mighty Interval ; 'tis fit there should be many things beyond the Power and Commission of the Bosom-Counsellor.

Justice it self, (as we long ago observ'd) admits of Favour : Reason is not destructive of Humanity, does not restrain an honourable Affection, or forbid all Familiarity and Confidence. Philosophy, and *Christianity*, agree with Nature in this Permission ; and the Son of God made Man, has authoriz'd it by his Example. That there should be a Favourite at Court, Heaven and Earth approve ; that some one Minister should be peculiarly of the Cabinet, is universally allow'd ; but not one who shall besiege his Prince Day and Night, who by a violent Usurpation shall appropriate his Sovereign to himself ; and by affecting the sole Enjoyment of what ought to be a common Blessing, shall be guilty of the same Injustice,

justice, as if he shut up all the Churches in the Kingdom, or engross'd the Light of the Sun.

Let the Monarch cast the Reflection of his Greatness, in what Measures he pleases, upon those who have found Favour in his Sight; let him communicate to them the Rays and Brightness of his Power; but let him not be shorn of his Beams; let him not impair his Orb of Light; let his Largesses enrich the Court, if they do not impoverish the Kingdom. Let the Stream of his Munificence flow abundantly into private Channels, provided he still continues Master of the Fountain-Head.

I remember the Answer given me upon this Subject, by that Oracle of the Low Countries, the Learned and Wise *Justus Lipsius*, when I consulted him at *Louvain*. What, said he, shall the King and the Ruler be always two different Persons? Shall Princes be oblig'd to correct the Form of their Decrees, and to alter all their Subscriptions? Where an Act bears Date the Tenth or Fifteenth Year of our Reign, shall they blot out, of our Reign, and put, of our Servitude; or at least, of our Subjection? The Author and Founder of the Royal Authority, never de-

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sign'd

sign'd it should be thus basely perverted, or driven out of its Place. The Sovereign Power is of the Nature of those things, which belong to us in such a manner, as that we cannot transfer them upon others, or demise them from our selves. It is lawful, while in the Hands of those who receiv'd it according to the Laws of the State; but the same Laws require that it shall not pass from one to another, unless by the Right of Birth, or by the Election of the People. Thus far the Oracle of Louvain.

Our wise Ancestors did not shew their Wisdom less in this, than in other their Institutions. As they would not make the Crown elective, in Favour of themselves; so neither would they make it Proprietary or Patrimonial, in Compliment to the Prince, or defer it to him so absolutely, as that it should be in his Power to name his Heir; which we find to have been sometimes practis'd in other Countries. They would not leave it free to the King to dispose of the Kingdom at his Pleasure, and to whom he thought fit, or to convey it by Will, either in whole, or in part. On the contrary, by a Law of the same Age and Force with the *Salic*, they have enacted, that it shall be unalienable, and indivisible.

And

And the loosest Masters of Politics, those insolent Authors who have form'd a Process against their Judges, have presum'd in their Writings to *touch the Lord's Anointed*, and to treat of the deposing of Kings, do expressly mention this Case among those in which they make the Subjects to be released from all Obligation to their Sovereign; *When the Sovereign himself*, say they, *shall own a Foreign Power, and become dependant and tributary*. So fully were they perswaded, that any kind of Subjection or Dependance is incompatible with the Royal Dignity. *And what, (as these Authors go on) is Royalty, but the vain Magnificence of a Festival, or a meer Pageant of State, if he that exercises it has a Superior, or an Equal?*

For my own Part, I dare not proceed thus far. I am contented to affirm, that there's somewhat more noble in Presumption, than in Infirmary; and the Excess in these Cases, is less culpable than the Defect. They who travel at all Adventures in an unknown Country, and trust too much to their own Conjecture, seem yet preferable to those who follow blind Guides, and err, or fall by too much Easiness and Docility. Fables tell us of Heroes that were mad, but of none that were Fools:
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We find recorded in Story the Extravagance of their Passions, but not the Stupidity of their Mind and Sense.

And, indeed, Sir, what more deplorable Misery, than at the same time to be placed at the Top of humane things, and yet to stand in the very last Rank of Men, to be call'd, *His Majesty*, or, *His Highness*, and to shew nothing but what's little and low; to have need of a Pedagogue in Council, and a Guardian upon the Throne!

Heavens blow this Plague to Asia's distant Shore!

But we ought to speak more *Christianly*, and more charitably. Let us close up all with a Prayer, that shall comprehend *Europe* and *Asia*, and import the general Good of the World: " Let us beg of Almighty God, that he would be pleas'd
 " to avert from all States and Kingdoms
 " an Evil which is promotive of so many other Evils: That he would grant
 " to Sovereigns that Measure of Wisdom
 " and Conduct which is necessary to their
 " good Government; and would endue
 " them with such a discerning Spirit, as
 " either to chuse the best Counsellors, or
 " to want none.







